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NOTICE TO PASSENGERS AND FORWARDERS.

ON AND AFTER AUGUST 1ST, THE RATE OF passage on this Road will be *increased* (33⅓) *thirty-three and one third per cent.*, and charges on transportation of goods will be *increased* (50) fifty per cent.

By order S. L. FREMONT,
Eng. & Supt. W. & W. R. R. Co.
Wilmington, N. C., July 29th, 1864. 274-7t&45 3t
State Journal copy 6t.

HEADQUARTERS CAPE FEAR,
WILMINGTON, N. C., March 30, 1864.

(*CIRCULAR.*)

It having been ascertained that traitors in our midst have been in the habit of communicating information to the enemy through our lines on the White Oak River and elsewhere, all crossing of these lines, except by permission from these Headquarters, is hereby prohibited. Officers commanding outposts of this command will arrest and send to these Headquarters all persons infringing this order.

By Command of Maj. General WHITING:
JAMES H. HILL,
Maj. & A. A. General.
April 7th, 1864. 28 tf

The Situation at Mobile.

To persons abroad and unacquainted with the topography of Mobile Bay, it will be well to explain that Fort Gaines is twenty-nine miles from the city, on the eastern end of Dauphin Island, and was intended to be one of the defences of the main entrance to the Bay from the Gulf. Fort Morgan is on the opposite shore. It has always been a matter of query what Fort Gaines was built for. Between it and Fort Morgan there is water expanse of three and a half miles, but the ship channel is on the Fort Morgan side, and every heavy vessel passing is obliged to run within a mile of the guns of Morgan. On the Fort Gaines side the water is shallow, and no ship could pass within effective range of its guns. When the fleet ran in on Friday, we do not learn that Fort Gaines fired a gun.

Fort Powell lies a little to the West and North of Fort Gaines, and in the direction of the main land of Western shore of the Bay. It is built on an artificial island, directly on Grant's Pass, which it was designed to defend—that pass leading into Pascagoula Sound and the lakes in the direction of New Orleans. Fort Powell is about three quarters of a mile from the main land, at Cedar Point, and at low water is fordable. It was by this easy route that its garrison escaped. If there had been no ford it is probable that Fort Powell would still be in our possession. Fort Morgan still commands the main ship channel to the bay, and by this alone Farragut's fleet can get to sea. It can only bring light vessels and transports through Grant's Pass. Fort Gaines was of no practical value in the defence of the Bay. It adds to the facilities and avenues of the enemy, but was not necessary to his operations. The loss of the garrison is serious, but more serious was the manner of its surrender—the stain upon our arms. That is to be wiped out.

FORT GAINES.

We are pained and humiliated to have to record the utter and total capitulation of this strong work, provisioned for six months and with an effective garrison of 600 men. We give the following account, based not upon rumor, but upon official data:

On the 7th, Col. Charles Anderson, of the 21st Alabama, acting in command of the garrison, composed of a part of his own regiment, the battalion of Pelham Cadets, a portion of Cuppard's Artillery, and some other troops, numbering 600 men, communicated with the enemy's fleet by flag of truce, without the sanction of his Commanding General, General Page, at Fort Morgan.

Gen. Page inquired of him, by signal, what his purpose was. No reply or acknowledgment was returned, although his attention was called by signal guns. He was telegraphed repeatedly by Gen. Page, "hold on to your fort." On the same night Gen. Page passed over to Fort Gaines in a boat and was astonished to learn that Col. Anderson was absent in the Yankee fleet for the purpose of arranging terms of capitulation. He peremptory ordered him on his return, if not accepted by the enemy, that all terms of surrender were annulled and himself relieved of his command.

On the morning of the 8th, he called his attention again from Fort Morgan by signal guns, and telegraphed to the same effect. Still no reply. At half-past nine o'clock the enemy's fleet was run up on the fort. His supine pusillanimous conduct of Col. Anderson as "unspeakable and disgraceful." And so the country will pronounce. Col. Anderson had previously telegraphed to Lieut. Col. Williams of his regiment, at Fort Powell, "If your fort is untenable save your garrison." The latter part of the order was attended to, and so two forts have been surrendered to the enemy. It is not thus that the Confederate cause is to be upheld. We must have officers who do not know how to surrender on motives of such importance entrusted to their courage and discretion.

The army and the people of Mobile (and the whole Mobile population is now an army) will have to repair by their courage and loyalty these fatal blunders, to call it by the mildest terms. We have the means to do it; and the evidences are all around us in the sullen determination of the people that the nerve is also here. If the enemy expect to find the defence of these two Confederate forts the measure of the resistance he will encounter at the city, he will be greatly disappointed.—We have now not only to fight for our homes, but to redeem Confederate honor from the disgrace of these unpardonable defections.—*Mobile Register.*

Blucher and his Pipe-bearer at the Battle of Waterloo.

Old Field Marshal Blucher was particularly fond of three things—a glass of wine, a game of cards, and a pipe of tobacco. With the two former he was frequently obliged to dispense, but he could not and would not do without the latter, nor could he help indulging in smoking it if were ever so little, before he undertook anything serious. A few puffs at the spur of the moment would satisfy him, but to be without them at all was a matter of impossibility. For this purpose he had appointed as his pipe-bearer one of his "boys" (as he used to call his hussars) a fellow countryman from Bostock—Christian Henneman—who had charge of a large box of Dutch clay pipes, all filled with tobacco, and ready for use at a moment's notice. This box constituted the principal item of the Marshal's field equipage—Henneman was so devoted to his master and his charge, that he would have killed on the spot any one who attempted to purloin a pipe from the box, or bring the latter in danger of breaking some of the precious (to him sacred) contents. On the morning of the memorable battle of Waterloo, Henneman had just handed his master a lighted pipe, when a cannon ball struck the ground close by, scattering earth and gravel in all directions, and causing the white charger on which he was mounted to spring aside—a manœuvre that broke the pipe into a thousand pieces before the owner had time even to lift it to his lips. "Just keep a lighted pipe ready for me; I shall be back in a few moments, after I have driven away the rascally French churls." With these words Blucher gave the command, "Forward, boys!" and off he galloped with his cavalry.—Instead, however, of a chase of a few minutes, it was a rapid march of nearly a whole hot summer day, as we all know from history.

After the battle was over, Blucher rode back with Wellington to the place where he first got a glimpse of the combatting armies, and nearing the spot where Blucher had halted in the morning, they saw to their surprise a solitary man, his head tied with a handkerchief, one arm in a sling, and calmly smoking a pipe. "Henneman and Blitz," cried Blucher, "why, that is my Henneman. How you look, boy; what are you doing here alone?" "Waiting for your speedy return," was the grumbling answer. "You have come at last. I have waited for you here, pipe in mouth, for the whole long day. This is the last pipe in the box. The cursed French have shot away every pipe from my mouth, have ripped the flesh from my head, and shattered my arm with their deuced bullets. It is well there is an end to the battle, or you would have been too late ever for the last pipe." Saying which he handed to Blucher the pipe to enjoy the remaining fumes of the weed. Wellington, who had listened attentively to the conversation, here remarked to Blucher, "You have just admired the firmness and bravery of my Highlanders, what shall I say to this true and devoted soul?" "But your Highlanders had no pipes to regale themselves with."—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

Returning Reason.

The Boston Herald, of Wednesday, in an editorial on reconstruction, says—

"The present appears to be a fitting time for the press of the country to lay aside old party issues and devote themselves to the task of restoring peace to the nation upon a basis which should be alike honorable to all concerned. The present raid into Maryland, threatening, as it does, Baltimore and Washington, the heavy drafts which are constantly being made upon the people in the shape of men and money—to say nothing of heavy taxation and the high price of living,—admonish us that war is a serious matter, viewed even in its most favorable aspect."

It further says—which we understand is a guaranty that it will no longer give aid and comfort to an administration based upon the subjugation of the South—

"We presume the people of the South are satisfied that they cannot subjugate the North, and the people at the North are satisfied they cannot subjugate the South. This being true, what becomes our duty—to saty the slaughter of men or restore peace to the country? This is a political question, and must be decided at the polls by the voters in both sections of the country. If the press would unite upon any basis that would recommend itself to the people, there would be no difficulty in coming to an understanding upon the subject. Can we agree with the South upon any terms? Can we offer a basis of settlement which they will adopt, and which at the same time will be satisfactory to the North? For our part, we see no way opened for a return of the rebel States to the Union except by and through the agency of the Constitution. They must either resume their State sovereignty and acknowledge the Federal Constitution, or they must stay where they are. If the people of the South are a unit against a return to the Federal compact, it becomes a question for us to decide how much longer we will fight to compel them to an unwilling association with us.—And if we were to succeed in destroying their armies, should we then have peace upon a permanent basis?—These are grave questions, and demand the serious consideration of the thinking, reflecting minds. Our object in this article is to call the attention of the Press to the great duty which devolves upon them, in this trying hour—ask them to discuss the matter calmly and dispassionately, with a view to concert of action and to unite the people of the North upon some project to stop the further shedding of blood."

The Herald also makes the following statement and proposes the following questions:

"If we understand the Southern leaders, they will not return to the Union upon any terms. They inaugurated the war to establish a Southern Confederacy, and will be content with nothing short of that. If this be true, can we prevent it and compel them to a submission to the old Union? If we cannot, and the people are satisfied upon this point, it is useless to fight any longer, but hold on to what we have got, and wait for time to determine the future."

In an editorial of Thursday, on the same subject, the Herald says:—

"We warn those in power that a crisis is rapidly approaching that will hurl them from their seats, unless they bring this war to a close, or convince the people that they have the power to do so before long."

We print these extracts in order to show the rapid and powerful mutations of opinion in the masses, of which no paper would discern the symptoms sooner than that from which we quote. Very, very soon, to use a familiar expression, Republicanism will "be nowhere."
Boston Courier.

Leaky.

"P. W. A.," of the Savannah *Republican*, in a late letter from Richmond, comments upon the reprehensible habit of office clerks babbling about the matters they have to transcribe. The old adage "three can keep a secret if two be away," is always true. As to Point Lookout, we have understood that the graver crime of treachery as well as idle gossip, prevented the release of our prisoners confined there:

But for the timely arrival of a portion of cavalry forces, from New Orleans, at Fortress Monroe, on its way to Grant and its immediate transfer to Washington, and criminal curiosity of some of our people in regard to the expension for the release of the Confederate prisoners at Point Lookout, there is very little doubt that the prisoners would have been released and Washington captured. The expedition never sailed, however, on account of the publicity given to it.

It is believed, that notwithstanding the arrival of the forces from New Orleans, with the assistance of the released prisoners, we might have laid the Federal capital in ruins, and compelled Grant to retreat from Virginia for the defence of his own country. The young genii men in the Departments who are necessarily cognizant of important military movements, are so exceedingly amiable, and so desirous of rendering themselves agreeable, that they sometimes find it impossible not to speak of these movements at their boarding houses, and especially to the young ladies with whom they associate, always, of course, in the most confidential manner. The young ladies being equally amiable, cannot be expected not to confide the startling news to their particular confidants, though no. until they have exacted from them those solemn vows of secrecy, which they have already made themselves. In this way intelligence of important movements sometimes get noised abroad, and once started, it is not long in reaching the spies in town and the enemy for whom they labor. So far has this thing been carried, that one day a gentleman having communicated to me a very important fact, I ventured to ask him how he came in possession of it. He replied that a certain lady had told him.—But how came the lady to know anything about it?—His answer was, that it had been communicated to her by a friend of hers in one of the Departments!

THE END OF THE WAR.—We are asked fifty times a day, more or less, when we think the war will end.—As we have no right to think, in the absence of data to think upon, we are sometimes at a loss for an answer. However, for the information of those who are particularly inquisitive and anxious upon the subject, we will relate a dream that a friend of ours had upon the duration of the war, which may throw some light upon the subject. He dreamed that he awoke from a sleep of fifty years, and found himself upon the South bank of the Rapidan. He saw at a little distance from the spot where he awoke a Corporal with 17 men and a wheelbarrow. He approached and asked the Corporal what this little gathering meant. "This," replied the Corporal, "is the Army of Northern Virginia." "Where are the Yankees?" inquired our friend. "They are on the other side of the river," replied the Corporal. "They have advantage of us in numbers and transportation—as they have 21 men and two wheelbarrows but we expect to get the advantage in position, will whip them and then the war will end."

As this is the best information we have about the probable duration of the war, we give it free gratis for nothing at all.—[Exchange.]

THE REPORTED SEA FIGHT IN THE CHANNEL.—Our Southampton correspondent says: The origin of the reported sea fight off Jersey has now been ascertained. A party of friends was made up last Wednesday at St Heliers, Jersey, for a land excursion round the island.—One of the number, however, ultimately declined to go. When the excursionists reached Gorey, they joosely sent him a telegram stating that he had lost a great treat by remaining behind, as they had witnessed a magnificent fight between the Kearsarge and Florida. They added that the Kearsarge was beaten and had sought shelter in Gorey, and that the Florida was off the Minquies waiting to renew the contest. This telegram was shown to two or three persons, and the engineer of the steamer Wonder heard one of them speak about it just as the vessel was leaving for Southampton on Wednesday evening. When he mentioned the circumstance on board the Wonder some of the more imaginative passengers at once fancied they had heard distant firing during the day.—*London News.*

OBEYING THE PRIEST.—An Irishman made a sudden rush into a druggist's shop, took from his pocket a soda water bottle, filled to the brim with some pure liquor, and handing it across the counter, exclaimed:

"There, doctor, snuff that, will you?"

The doctor did as he was directed, and pronounced the liquor genuine whisky.

Thank you, doctor," said the Irishman; hand it to me again, if you please."

The doctor did again as he was directed, and asked what he meant.

"Och, then," said Pat, "if you will have it, the priest told me not to drink any of this unless I got it from the doctor. So here's your health and the priest's health."

SOUTHERN WOMEN.

Debased as is the soul of Brownlow—utterly depraved as is his nature—vile as are his denunciations of the Southern people—his vile tongue, at least, does some justice to Southern women. In a speech recently delivered at a meeting in New York for the benefit of the sick and wounded soldiers, he took occasion to remark as follows:

"I bear testimony of my own knowledge to the influence of and the indomitable courage of the ladies of the Southern Confederacy. The most wealthy, the best educated, the most refined among them, have planted themselves in their doors and piazzas and have run their husbands, sons nephews, uncles and brothers out in the army.

"'Go, volunteer and fight, or I will disown you forever!' and when the Yankees met them and they fell, the Southern women complacently folded their arms and thanked God that they died in a good and glorious cause, fighting for the independence of the South."

Truth is a stranger to this lips, but in this case it was uttered in its naked purity.

The women of the South are as courageous as were the women of Sparta. If they have not given their hair for bow-strings—if they have not gone into shops to manufacture arms for their husbands, fathers and sons to use, it is because no emergency has demanded it. But they have done what required a greater moral courage. They have sent their loved ones from their arms and bid them fight, and if needs be, die for their country. To say that they have given them up without a pang or tear, would be a vile imputation against her noble instincts; for the sacrifice she has placed upon the altar of her country has been well watered and consecrated by her holy tears. Her loving heart was lacerated when it mused upon the probable fate of her beloved, but a free country without her loved one she regarded as of infinitely more value than slavery with him. And when the tidings came that he had fallen in battle her sorrow was sweetened with the thought that he had died for some purpose, "and she thanked God that he died in a glorious cause fighting for the independence of the South."

How great a number of them on our streets do we see clad in the habiliments of mourning. This one has a husband lying on the twice fought field of Manassas. The father of that fair young girl, whose beautiful face is hidden beneath the folds of her long black veil, lies upon the plains of Shiloh. Here is one who has a son upon the red banks of "the river of death." Here is another who wears upon the outer margin of mourning, but if we could look down through her deep, watery eyes, we could see a heart whose best affections were lying on the tomb of a lover, whose head is pillowed upon the soil of Pennsylvania. But in all these affections their courage has never quailed, nor have they once thought of giving up the contest. Those who have suffered most have become the staunchest rebels of them all. Like Cornelia, they prized their jewels, but they gave them to their country; and when they are gone they put on the vesture of grief and go about doing good for those who are required to do battle for their land.

What man among us can go into our hospitals and watch the women (we love the old Anglo Saxon word) as they minister to the inmates with little comforts prepared by their own hands, and not say, "God bless our women!" History will speak of Florence Nightengale to the end of time; but we have a brigade of Florence Nightengales here in our little city, and though history may never mount their names, their deeds will be recorded in its brightest lettering. They have thrown all their ambitious aside for the great cause in which we are engaged, and she takes all her energies for that one end.

But why attempt to recount the nobility, the self-sacrificing patriotism and the courage of our women? To do them justice we would fill a volume. The world knows it, and does them honor for it. But above all their country acknowledges their hand in the great work and reward her with the fervent love which is her dazzling compensation for all labor.—*Southern Confederacy*

DESERTERS VOTING AT THE ELECTION.—It was stated by the Wilmington Journal that four deserters, confined at that place, were allowed to vote at the late election (very improperly we think), and that they voted for Holden, of course. We learn from reliable sources that more than 100 deserters and recusant conscripts appeared at the polls at three precincts in Moore county, and voted for Holden. They were armed desperadoes, and the poll holders did not dare to refuse their votes. 15 or 20 Vance men were deterred from voting at one box by these armed traitors. At one precinct in Johnston county we learn that 25 armed deserters voted for Holden. At one poll in Richmond county about 20 deserters, armed as usual, appeared and voted for Holden. And the Conservative learns that 100 deserters voted for Holden at one precinct in Wilkes county.

How many instances of the same kind there were in the State at the late election we know not. It would be well to collect the evidence of all such cases. We think it could be shown that a very considerable proportion—perhaps one fourth—of all the votes cast for Holden were of that sort.
Fayetteville Observer.

VISIT OF GENS LEE AND BEAUREGARD TO THE GENERAL HOSPITAL GEN. ELLIOTT.—During the past week, Gens Lee and Beauregard accompanied by the retinue of officers which attend the movements of most commanders, visited the wards of the General Hospital in this city.—The destiny of these men is in the track of great thoughts and mighty deeds; they are conspicuous champions of our national honor upon the field of conflict. It is pleasant to the eye and gratifying to the heart to behold them turning aside for a season from the rigor of their martial duties, and lending the sympathies of their noble souls to the sufferings and wounded whom they have led to glory in the hour of battle. We love our Generals the better when we witness them thus giving evidence of the tender affection they bear toward their men, showing that they find a narrow scope for the display of such virtues in the storm of combat upon the field of carnage.

Gen Elliott, under treatment in this hospital, is rapidly improving, and will be doing active duty in the responsible command.—*Petersburg Express, 11th inst.*

DEATH OF COL. JOHN R. MURCHISON.—It will be reconcted that this valuable officer and estimable gentleman, Col. of the 8th N. C., was reported killed on the 1st of June, and afterward well ascertained to be only wounded and a prisoner. We are sorry to be obliged to state that undoubted information has been received of his death, which occurred on the 7th of June, just a week after he was wounded and captured.
Fayetteville Observer.

ANOTHER AWFUL TRAGEDY.—We learn that on Monday last four of the Reserves of Randolph county were shot dead by a party of deserters lying in ambush near Franklinsville, in that county. This was two days after the similar occurrence in Moore county, of which the particulars were given in our last. We did not learn the names of the four killed in Randolph.
Fayetteville Observer.

TERMS OF PEACE.—The New York Herald has the following on this subject:

In his ultimatum, addressed "to whom it may concern," Mr. Lincoln lays down the abolition of slavery as one of the terms of peace. Where did he get his authority for this? What section of the Constitution authorizes it? When was the war for the Union transformed into a crusade against slavery? By what right does Mr. Lincoln presume to say that the emancipation of negroes is as much the object of this war as the restoration of the Union? What party sustains him in this view of the case? If the South wish to go back into the Union with slavery, what party will dare oppose their return? The Northern people care nothing about slavery. What they want is the Union. Who will refuse to let them have that when the rebels offer to lay down their arms?

DEATH OF GEN. JOS. P. TAYLOR.—Gen. Jos. P. Taylor, Commissary General of Subsistence, of the United States army, died in Philadelphia recently. He entered the service in 1813, and was a brother of the late President Taylor. He entered the military service of the United States as third Lieutenant of the 28th Infantry, 1813, and acted in the subsistence department for most of the time thereafter, until 1820, when he was appointed a Captain. He was promoted Major of Subsistence, 1838, and Lieutenant Col. in 1841, and on the death of Brevet Major George Gibson, late Commissary General of subsistence, he succeeded that officer to the rank of Colonel. Under the act of February 9th, 1864, providing for the addition of a Brigadier General to the subsistence department, Col. Taylor was selected for that position.—*Mont. Mail.*

GEORGE P. MORRIS.—"Shadow," a very acceptable and ever welcome correspondent of the Mobile Register, closes a tribute to the song writer, who lately died, in these words:

During forty years George P. Morris knew no North nor South. He never did an injustice to a Southern writer. His ear was always open to them. He met them with a welcome whenever they came to him, and he deserves the grateful remembrance of all true and loyal lovers and professors of literature in the South. I draw these rough outlines at random merely as a foot note. I knew him well in many relations, and loved him a true man in all. I could not do less than inscribe a kind word upon his tomb. Though of a race of enemies he was never the enemy of any Southern man.

"Will you keep an eye on my horse, my son, while I step in and get a drink?" "Yes sir." Stranger goes and gets his drink; comes out and finds his horse missing.—"Where is my horse, boy?" "He runned away, sir."—"Didn't I tell you to take care of him, you young scamp?" "No sir: you told me to keep an eye on him and so I did till he got clear out of sight."

TELEGRAPHIC

Reports of the Press Association.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by J. S. THRASHER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Confederate States for the Northern District of Georgia.

FROM ATLANTA.

ATLANTA, Aug. 16, 1864.

The party of the enemy's cavalry that passed through Decatur last evening, after reaching Cobb's Mills returned at night. It is supposed to be only a reconnoisance.

Another party which moved simultaneously from Owl Creek Church, struck the Atlanta and West Point Rail Road at Fairburn, burned the depot, and tore up the track one mile south of the latter place. They then withdrew three miles, and went into camp. Their forces were variously estimated at from 2,000 to 5,000. The track has since been repaired, but the trains are not allowed to run in consequence of the proximity of the enemy.

Last night and to-day were unusually quiet along the lines. The enemy's artillery was remarkably quiet, which is generally attributed to a scarcity of ammunition, caused by the interruption of his communication. But few shells were thrown into the city last night, one of which set fire to a frame house on Peach Tree street. Loss small.

LATER FROM ATLANTA.

Atlanta, Aug. 17.—The enemy's cavalry retired recently from Fairburn, a portion crossing the river near Campbellton. The trains are now running as usual. The enemy is busily engaged in fortifying on the north side of the Chattahooche river, principally along Powder Springs and Campbellton roads in the vicinity of Sweet Water,

Yesterday along the remarkably quiet line of the river was remarkably active and encouraging. The enemy opened fierce on the city from another gun, supposed to be a sixty four pounder, planted on the Marietta road. A slow fire was kept up all night, resulting in killing one person.

It is generally believed that the Western and Atlantic Road was cut on the 14th inst. News from that quarter is anxiously looked for.

THE FIGHT BELOW RICHMOND.

RICHMOND, Aug. 17th, 1864.

An official dispatch received last night, states that the enemy on yesterday made a determined attack on our line between Darbytown and Charles City road, and at one time broke through, but was repulsed and our original position re-occupied.

A later dispatch says that the enemy did not renew the attack on our lines after four o'clock yesterday. His force on the Charles City road, after advancing to within two miles of White's Tavern, was driven back across White Oak swamp. Our loss was small.

The Examiner of this morning says that the enemy made several fierce assaults, Burnside's negro troops leading every charge, and that the slaughter of the negroes exceeded the carnage at Petersburg on 30th July. The enemy's loss is reported very heavy. Brig. Gen. Chambliss Confederate, was killed.

FURTHER FROM RICHMOND.

RICHMOND, Aug 17th, 1864.

Acting Brig. Gen. Girardey, commanding Wright's brigade, was shot through the head and killed in battle on yesterday. His body has been brought here, and will be sent to Georgia for sepulture.

FROM PETERSBURG.

PETERSBURG, Aug. 17th, 1864.

Deserters and prisoners brought in to-day concur in the statement that Barnside's and Warren's corps are still in our front here, whilst Hancock's second, and perhaps other infantry, are now operating on the north side of James River.

Advices received at head quarters here, confirm the defeat of the enemy in the fight yesterday, near White's Tavern, on the north side of James river. Our loss was not very large. Among our losses are Gens. Girardey and Chambliss killed. The fight is supposed to have been renewed to some extent to-day, firing being heard in that direction.

Official advices from the Valley department, received at head quarters up to yesterday say, that up to that time no general engagement had taken place.

In front of this place nothing of interest is transpiring. Rain has fallen every day this week, most grateful to man and beast.

U. S. NEWS.

RICHMOND, Aug. 17th, 1864.

The New York Herald of the 13th inst renews its suggestion to Lincoln to send peace commissioners to Richmond. It says we have arrived at that stage of an exhausting war when every considerations of wisdom patriotism and humanity suggests the propriety of a magnanimous bona fide movement on the part of the administration in behalf of peace. The Herald announces that its daily issue will hereafter be four cents per copy. It expected Greenbacks would reform the financial affairs, but instead he has plunged deeper into the sea of paper money. The national finances are now more confused than ever. The Herald says it is ever since half the newspapers of the country must soon stop publication.

LATER UNITED STATES NEWS.

RICHMOND, Aug. 17th, 1864.

The Baltimore Gazette of yesterday has been received. It says that Burnside has been relieved of the command of the 18th corps, and had arrived in Baltimore. Wilcox has been placed temporarily in command of the corps.

The Federal loss in killed and wounded in the action of Mobile bay is estimated at 240 men. No particulars of the surrender of Fort Gaines.

On the 10th Sherman was within a mile of the Macon Road, and at every step he had fortified his position very strongly.

A Confederate force of two thousand was menacing the border towns of Indiana. Gen. Carrington has made a requisition on Gov. Morton for 25,000 men.

Various other captures by the Tallahassee are reported, including ships Adriatic and Wm. Bell.

Nothing definite from the Shenandoah Valley.

Dispatches from Grant's army are unimportant.

FROM NORTH ALABAMA.

MERIDIAN, Aug. 16th, 1864.

Forrest still maintains his position near Abbeville. No forward demonstration of the enemy has been reported for several days. The Yankees are committing many depredations on the people, peaceable citizens being killed.—Gov. Clarke has called on every able bodied man to assist in driving the enemy back.

FROM MOBILE.

Mobile, Aug. 17.—Maj Gen. Gardner assumed command of the district of the Gulf to day. The people are pleased with him. Yesterday evening the enemy landed at Montrose in five launches. Our cavalry fired on them and killed two and wounded several. The enemy then retired.

Last night Maj. Worrell, agent for the exchange of prisoners, returned from the federal fleet, sending off letters and packages to the Dauphin island prisoners. Hopes are entertained of their early exchange.

A force of the enemy from Pensacola, estimated at two thousand, crossed Perdido river yesterday, advancing towards Mobile bay. All quiet in the bay.

FROM ATLANTA.—OUR CAVALRY IN THE REAR OF SHERMAN'S ARMY, &c., &c.

ATLANTA, Aug. 18th, 1-64.

Heavy skirmishing began at midnight on our left centre and continued until 2 o'clock, without any results.

This morning the artillery of Stewart's corps opened on the enemy, their batteries replied feebly. Our firing was very heavy, and produced much consternation among the enemy.

Prisoners report that our cavalry captured a large number of beeves at Kingston a few days since. Numerous reports are in circulation in regard to their operations, but beyond the fact that they had cut the road at Alworth and were destroying the track between the Etowah and the Oostanoola rivers, and thus far had been entirely successful, nothing official has been received.

The enemy seem to be ignorant of the magnitude of the operations in their rear, and we are preparing another raiding expedition, under Kilpatrick, which had rendezvoused at Sweet Water, preparatory to starting, which it is believed has been recalled, and yesterday were going in pursuit of our cavalry.

FINE'S CREEK.—This is a locality in Haywood, close to the Tennessee line. At the election it gave Vance 61, Holden 000! There has not been a deserter among the soldiers from Fine's Creek since the commencement of the war. Such people have no sympathies with Mr. Holden.—*Asheville News.*

Letter from the Secretary of the Treasury.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
Columbia, August 15th, 1864.

To the citizens of South Carolina:

Having expressed to Mr. Trenholm the gratification felt by his fellow-citizens at his acceptance of the office of Secretary of the Treasury, I received in reply the following letter. Although not intended for publication, such is its public interest, that by his permission I lay it before you.

While the schedule of prices adopted by the Commissioners of this State does not approximate in its rates the former schedule of the Virginia Commissioners, it is to be hoped that satisfactory reasons may be found for a reduction.

I can add nothing to the views expressed by the Honorable Secretary, and will only remark that, concurring fully in the importance to the country, of reducing as low as practicable all prices, I commend the letter to the careful and favorable consideration of every citizen.

M. L. BONHAM.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, C. S. A.,
Richmond, Aug. 5, 1864.

To His Excellency Governor Bonham:

DEAR SIR: Your very kind and encouraging letter of the 30th ultimo was received yesterday. If it shall prove to be my happy fortune through the Divine blessing, to contribute in any degree to the welfare of my country, I shall be more than compensated for all the labors and anxieties to which I have been appointed.—Expressions of confidence and good will on the part of my fellow citizens, such as you have been good enough to convey to me, are most grateful and encouraging. I regard the Treasury of the Confederate States as, especially the Treasury of the people, and there is nothing in the power of man that would so soon restore it to a condition of ease and prosperity as the universal and generous support of our people. There is nothing in its present circumstances to inspire alarm, but on the contrary every motive for confidence. An all pervading cause of embarrassment and distress has been the character of our legislation. However patriotically intended, it is not to be denied that the measures adopted by Congress for the reform of the currency, had the contrary effect of inspiring the public mind with feelings of fear and distrust as to the course that would ultimately be pursued in relation to that part of the public debt that is represented by the Treasury Notes. Apprehensions of ultimate repudiation crept like an all pervading poison into the minds of the people, and greatly circumscribed and diminished the purchasing power of the Notes.

There were many distinguished and patriotic men in Congress who earnestly believed that the great, if not the sole, evil of the currency was to be found in its redundancy alone. And reasoning from this premise they inferred that a corresponding reduction of the large volume of the circulating medium, would produce an immediate reduction in the price of all saleable commodities. Others entertained a different opinion, and, believing that the purchasing power and value of these notes had a vertical and sensitive dependence upon the confidence and good will of those who were called upon to exchange their substance for them, insisted that a reduction of the quantity, by any means that disturbed the confidence of the people in the good faith of the Government, would lead to universal distrust and still greater depreciation.

The majority was, unhappily, found to be of the first opinion, and it must now be universally admitted, I think, that the policy that prevailed was erroneous, and the consequences precisely such as had been predicted by those who opposed it. The immense reduction effected by the tax of 33⅓ per cent. levied upon the currency, and by the process of compulsory funding, produced very little effect upon the prices of common articles. Everybody regarded, with distrust, a new issue of notes of the same character as the last, and resting for their support as a circulating medium upon the same pledges which had ended in disappointment before.

That this is the true difficulty we have to encounter, I think every candid person must allow, and I cannot refrain from indulging the hope that a new and sounder policy will govern our future legislation. The patriotism of Congress is not to be called in question, nor are we at liberty to doubt their willingness to renounce any policy that may be proven by experience to be erroneous and mischievous. Our people, at the same time, should not be silent; and in this respect the patriotic citizens of the great and suffering Commonwealth of Virginia have set a noble example.

On my arrival in Richmond I found that the Commissioners of prices had fixed the schedule rates for wheat and corn at $30 and $24 per bushel respectively, for the months of August and September. The feeling of disappointment and alarm with which I was inspired by this circumstance, you can easily imagine. This painful feeling was, however, soon changed for one of renewed confidence and hope by the farmers of Virginia. Public meetings were held in the agricultural counties and resolutions adopted boldly avowing the impossibility of maintaining the public faith if the Government were forced by the people to pay such prices for supplies, and patriotically insisting upon a reduction of the standard rates, and their establishment upon a basis sufficiently low to inspire confidence in the currency. The result was that the Commissioners reassembled and reduced the schedule prices to $7½ for wheat for the month of August and $5 for September. A wise and more patriotic course was never pursued by any people, and I would respectfully appeal to you as the Chief Magistrate of our gallant and patriotic State, to suggest and encourage similar meetings and resolutions on the part of our own people. I have an abiding confidence that a general and well established belief in the intention of Congress, under no circumstances of temptation or trial, to shrink from the observance of the most rigid good faith in the money dealings of the Government, will enable us, to overcome all our financial difficulties. That such is their real intention I cannot doubt; but this determination should be encouraged and supported by the public declarations of our people, expressive of their own resolute will to foster the credit of the Government by the establishment of low prices, and by the patriotic support of its Treasury. Whatever differences of opinion may have existed in the past, or whatever errors may be supposed to have been committed, may now be buried in a common grave. We are making a new start in our finances, and under circumstances by no means unfavorable or discouraging.

The expenditures of the Government are of two classes—those incurred abroad, and those incurred at home. In respect of the first, there has hitherto been but little embarrassment, nor is there any reason to expect greater difficulty in the future. Our foreign supplies will probably be procured without making any addition to the public debt. The malice of our foes having raised the price of cotton to 30s. per pound in European markets, while the depreciation of our currency enables us at the same time to buy it at home at less than 4d. It is plainly seen that it can be sufficient task to draw from our enemies, and from the complacent spectators of this atrocious war, the means of supplying all our foreign wants. This would have us then only our domestic debt to deal with, and when it is considered that all that is asked of our people, and all that the Government is called upon to pay for, is simply their surplus productions and their services in transportation and mechanical and other labors, who can doubt the ability of the people to bear this burden? If they gave all that is asked without compensation, they would ask in fact no more than their surplus and would be no poorer for the gift. How, then, can their condition be made worse by receiving the money and the bonds of the Government in place of receiving nothing?

I hope, my dear sir, that you will agree with me in the opinions and sentiments I have expressed, and may join with me in the effort to give a new and vigorous impulse to the public sentiment upon this great topic of our national affairs.

I do not think that planters and farmers should alone be called upon to decline in favor of lower prices.—Manufacturers, railroad companies and every great interest of the country should contribute to this reform. Let us content ourselves with moderate prices and keep down the public debt; and no body extorting the highest prices, even the public enemy and disturb our own confidence in the virtue and the resources of the Government.

I remain, dear sir,
Yours, with great respect,
G. A. TRENHOLM.

"PORTE CRAYON"—COL. DAVID STROTHER, CHIEF OF STAFF TO GEN. HUNTER.

The individual, whose name heads this article has during several years past, been well known to the South by his writings and sketches published in Harper's Magazine, under the name of Port Crayon. He is unfortunately a Virginian by birth. The miserable renegade and coward deserted his mother State, whose thousands of true and chivalrous sons have fought and won the battles of the South against the despicable Northern host, with whom Col. Strother now fraternises because Northern money and position purchased him, not his soul, for a heartless tory has no such article in his composition, but his body and the craven name of *David Strother, the renegade* Virginian.

What a name to leave as an heir loom to his family. As a hissing by word, in future let his name be accursed and the people of our beloved land refuse to sustain the *thing*, who has prostituted his talents to caricaturing the South, and his body to desecrating the mother State against which he has lifted his despicable hands to destroy according to the *merciful* (?) decrees of his Yankee brethren. From the *Lexington Gazette*, we append the following, which indicates how low *she* the *renegade* has fallen:

"This no orious individual accompanied Hunter on his recent raid through the Valley of Virginia, employed in sketching scenery, &c. We understand that he made three sketches of the Institute, and Governor Letcher's house—one, before the building were fired—one, while they were burning—and another, of the ruins—all for Harper's Weekly. This man has long been employed in this business, and figured, conspicuously, at the time of the trial and execution of old John Brown. He was thoroughly Southern in his principles then, and cordially approved the execution of this noted old abolitionist.

About the time of the secession of Virginia, this same man, (as we are informed, repaired to Richmond to secure authority to raise a mounted regiment for service in the cause of the South. He was fully invested with the necessary authority, and after figuring about Richmond several days, left, but the regiment was not raised. The next that was heard of him, he was in the Yankee service, assigning as a reason for his conduct that he could not live without the contribution paid to him by the Harpers. There was no illustrated paper in the South at the time, and rather than lose the money, he determined to become a traitor to his native State, and if the half we have heard of him here be true, he was one of the lowest and meanest dogs in Hunter's kennel.

The universal testimony here is that the Virginians in Hunter's army, were the worst men under his command. They operated on the stealing and burning, and seemed disposed to encourage in all conceivable ways the destruction of public and private property. Their policy as we, was to ship us if they could, but if not then to starve the people into submission. They will not in both, and these people will have to submit in the end to the legitimate Government of Virginia, or leave the State."

From the Augusta Constitutionalist, 17th inst.

The Front.

As not much since the commencement of the present campaign in Northern Georgia, have we felt more sanguine and satisfied with the aspect of the situation.—The news from the front is cheering, and of such a character as to make us feel perfectly safe and fully assured of final success. The General commanding is now confident of his ability to hold Atlanta

THE WILMINGTON JOURNAL.

CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA.

WILMINGTON, N. C., THURSDAY, AUG. 25, 1864.

We have the "North Carolina Times of the 16th instant. The *Times* is the Yankee paper published in Newbern by GEO. MILLS JOY. The only matter of interest we find is in the advertising columns, which are something of a curiosity.

In the whole paper we find but one advertiser whose name we recognize as that of a citizen of North Carolina. We give this advertisement gratuitously, for public information. It reads thus,

H. C. JONES,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.

With an experience of fourteen years, tenders his professional services to the public. Office in the brick house opposite the TIMES Office, New Berne.

So that's where HENRY CLAY JONES is.

The *Times* hoists the names of ABRAHAM LINCOLN for President, and ANDREW JOHNSON for Vice President, pitches into the approaching Chicago Convention, jubilates over the "Glorious Naval victory at Mobile," tells how six soldiers were shot for desertion at one time, and one at another time, brags over a musk melon weighing 21 pounds, and is amazed at the quantity of watermelons raised and consumed in and around New Berne.

JOHN DIBBLE is postmaster, and advertises a list of letters.

YELLOW FEVER AT WILMINGTON.—A gentleman just from Wilmington informs us that all the blockaders are now stopping about thirty miles below the city—at Fort Anderson—some thirteen are now congregated there. All of them have one or more cases of yellow fever on board. Steamers have been sent down and the vessels are unloading their cargoes and reloading at that place.

The above from the Augusta *Chronicle and Sentinel* is perhaps true in the main, though its caption is the very reverse of correct. There is as yet, thank Providence, no yellow fever at Wilmington, and we trust that, with proper precautions, there will not be any. Some of the vessels down at Fort Anderson, many miles down the river, may have, and, we think, do have fever on board, but that is not at Wilmington, nor is there any contact or correspondence with these vessels save by parties who themselves remain in quarantine.

It is not to be denied that cases of yellow fever and deaths therefrom have occurred both at Nassau and Bermuda, nor is it likely that we can escape it otherwise than by the enforcement of the most rigid precautions, which, we trust, will be adhered to.

Beyond doubt, much, if not all of the success or failure of our effort to stay the advance of SHERMAN'S hosts or at least to compel their retreat from the soil of Georgia, depends upon the events of the next few weeks—upon the progress made by WHEELER and the other leaders of our cavalry in breaking up his communications and otherwise harrassing his rear.

The demands of SHERMAN'S army are immense and are supplied in many cases from great distances. It is said that beef cattle are brought from Chicago, and other things from Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. It is certain that his lines are very long and very ill-available, and much surprise has been felt and expressed because of the absence of any vigorous attempt to harrass them before. Perhaps there were reasons why this was so. Perhaps the necessary force was not disposable for that purpose. We cannot say, neither do we think that the loudest declaimers on the subject are better prepared to say than we are. At any rate we are glad to see that the experiment is at last about to be tried, even though it be not tried under FORREST'S auspices.

We do not say that even the failure of this cavalry movement would endanger the safety of HOOD'S army, or compel the evacuation of Atlanta, but it certainly would exert a great influence over the war, and deprive us of all hopes of closing the campaign as brilliantly as we might hope to do in case of success in our present undertaking.

THE enemy seems to have waked up to renewed activity in the vicinity of Petersburg and Richmond, extending his lines on his left, so as again to interrupt our communications by that line. What is the particular movement we do not know; perhaps it is only in pursuance of Mr. LINCOLN'S determination to keep "pegging away," perhaps it may be designed to cover some other movement. At any rate it cuts us off from our regular mails from Richmond and Petersburg.

The Danville Road, having been repaired is again in full operation, and, we presume, so also is the Virginia Central, so that this temporary interruption on one line can do little or nothing towards embarrassing our troops for want of supplies. The re-opening of the Central Road and the relief of the Valley of Virginia from the presence of the enemy offer an additional source of supply, and lessens the pressure upon the Southern roads and upon the more Southern States also, for provisions.

The idea that the enemy by digging a canal through Dutch Gap, on the James River, will thus be able to get round the Confederate obstructions below Richmond seems to be entertained at the North. This is a mistake. They might turn some batteries at Chaffin's Bluff, on the North side of the James, but would accomplish nothing against our obstructions, nor do we see how they could benefit themselves even if they could cut their proposed canal.

Our forces in the Valley were, at last accounts, at Strasburg, a town on the North Fork of the Shenandoah River and the Manassas Gap Railroad, 18 miles South of Winchester. SHERIDAN, the raider, who was badly whipped by WADE HAMPTON, was reported to be in pursuit of EARLY, said SHERIDAN being in chief command of the Federal forces in that section. There is every reason to believe that SHERIDAN will overtake a big thrashing just about the time he encounters EARLY.

The Columbus, Ga., *Times* entertains serious doubts whether bacon at four or five dollars a pound is healthy. It might do tolerably well at ten cents, but at present rates it is apt to lie heavy upon the stomach of any man of moderate means. It thinks its use ought to be discontinued altogether, or that it be taken in quantities of three teaspoonsful once a day—well shaken before taken. It is a medicinal agent which deserves to be taken into the list of homeopathic remedies, and administered in infinitessmal doses. We used to cut ham with a knife, now we cut its company.

On Saturday forenoon we were visited by a pretty severe thunder storm. We learn that between eleven and twelve o'clock the residence of Mr. JACOB LYONS corner Fourth and Market streets was struck and some damage done. Luckily no person was hurt.

THE Richmond *Enquirer* of Thursday, the 18th inst., is indebted to a gentlemen who arrived from headquarters on Wednesday, for the following particulars of the fighting on the North or Richmond side of the James on Tuesday and Wednesday:

After his repulse on the morning of Tuesday, the enemy massed his troops (10th and 2d corps in front of our lines, about half a mile North of Fuzzle's mills, charged furiously and quickly succeeded, about 12 m., in breaking through Wright's brigade, of Mahone's division. Lane's North Carolina brigade, which was on the left of Wright's, immediately moved by the right flank until it reached the Darbytown road, rifled down this a short distance, and then, in the presence of Maj. Field, wheeled into line at a double quick, charged the enemy, who had poured through the gap in great numbers, and drove them 600 yards to the cover of the captured breastworks. Here, at 60 yards distance, both sides kept up a terrible fusilade for some fifteen minutes, when raising a wild yell the brigade rushed upon the breastworks.

In three minutes the works along the entire brigade front were recaptured. Scores of Yankees, whites and blacks lay dead in the trenches, and jumping over the works, the "tar-heels" poured volley after volley into the flying masses of the enemy. A considerable number of the enemy, however, still held the works to our left, (their line being so much longer than ours) and turned their fire upon our flank. But, in ten minutes, one hundred and fifty men were thrown forward through a ravine in front of the breastwork, and suddenly attacking the enemy in flank and rear, causing all the remainder of his line to break leaving the entire line in our possession. In this charge we captured some six hundred prisoners and a stand of colors a number of fine arms, plenty of rich booty, and better than all, re-established the broken lines.

It is proper to say that in this charge Lane's brigade was joined by some of Anderson's and Benning's Georgians, who did gallant service.

The enemy have not since repeated their attempt, but keep up a continuous skirmish fire. Otherwise all is quiet near the scene of Tuesday's battle.

Our loss was comparatively small. When the works were recaptured, however, the dead body of General Gariney, who commanded Wright's brigade, was found in the trenches, a minnie ball having passed through his head.

For the Journal.

MESSRS. EDITORS:

Will you allow me through your paper to say a word to the citizens of Wilmington, which is of interest to both rich and poor?

The war in which we are engaged is a war for the benefit of no particular classes, but a struggle for the independence and well being of all. And while the rich man has more to defend, and of course, in case of subjugation more to lose,—yet the poor man has also a great deal at stake, which is his own and his children's independence, and the respectability of his wife and daughters.

Now, this being true, the question is pertinent—ought not all classes to pull together and assist each other? Most certainly they ought. And if our early success be the object, and patriotism the principle movi g to action in this struggle, they *would* thus pull together and assist each other. But that such is not the case let us adduce a few facts in this community. There are men of property, who, (doubtless from sufficient cause,) are allowed to remain at home, taking care of their property and living in ease. Is it not right—does not every principle of humanity and religion dictate to such men that they ought to sacrifice a little ease and gain for the general good? Ought they not to look after the family of the poor man in the trenches, and see that that poor desolate mother, wife and children do not suffer? Is it done? We roundly assert that, with a few honorable exceptions, it is not! And ever it that poor family has no representative in the army, must it suffer for bread, while many within gunshot of them live in affluence and might supply them with something every day. We are not of those who seek to array the poor against the rich; and we trample upon the sentiment of the demagogue that this is "the rich man's war and the poor man's fight;" but are there not many rich men who back the demagogue's argument with *their actions?*

Besides, the property-holder charges *specie valuation for house rent!* Who can stand it? Can the man who lives upon a small salary? Can the poor woman who supports herself and children with her needle? Can the soldiers' families? The property owners cry out "taxation!" Yes, it is to be remembered, that they pay taxes with *Confederate money upon the valuation of 1860.* But even if they do lose a little by the disparity between lower rents and high taxes, what of that? Are they willing to see the cause go forward, and they *do nothing?* Is this patriotism?—is it the commonest justice to a suffering people? Can it be expected that the poor will always suffer and *bear it?* We say *no!* And why should they? Does any principle of humanity or religion require it?—that the poor should go houseless and homeless, because they are not able to pay the enormous exaction of a fabulous "specie valuation" for a place of shelter? It would be much better for property holders to rent their houses to the poor at lower prices, than to charge such enormous rates and produce discontent, thereby depreciating our currency and weakening our cause. There is more power in the class thus affected, than shallow-brained avarice is wont to suppose.

Moreover, the influx of refugees, and their short-sighted policy of raising the prices of everything, in connection with the blighting effects of blockade running, has operated to produce a dreadful pressure upon the poorer classes of the community. What are we to do? If the effects were only felt here at home, the danger would not be so great. But it falls just in the places where our cause is mostly endangered by it, viz., upon the soldiers. Does it make the soldier upon the field cheerful and buoy up his courage to hear that his delicate little wife has to "sew her eyes out" to pay high rent and at the same time feed her little children? Does it make him love the community, and struggle to save its property, when he knows that the rich of that community care nothing for him or his family?

Then, as all classes are interested in this war, and especially the rich who have an inheritance to leave to their children, let us all pull together and sustain each other, and especially let the wealthy see to it that the poor be exempt from an undue weight of suffering and oppression, and God will smile upon us and bring us a speedy deliverance.

A POOR MAN

P. S. If the Yankees take the place what will the rich man do with his houses? If they attack it who will defend them but the poor man?

From the Richmond Examiner, 19th inst.

The War News.

There was yesterday a general impression in the community that we were on the eve of stirring events; that a great battle was imminent all along the line from Petersburg on the south to White Oak Swamp on the north. As the day advanced this opinion was somewhat confirmed by the telegram from Petersburg, announcing that, at two o'clock yesterday morning, all the artillery on our lines south of the Appomattox fired upon the enemy for an hour and a half, and that the enemy's cavalry were demonstrating towards the Weldon road on our extreme right. A number of rumors were in circulation to the effect that we meditated a general attack upon the enemy's lines. Under these circumstances it caused no surprise when, about five o'clock, P. M., a heavy cannonade sprung up in a direction east by south of the city, apparently in a line with the battle field of Monday and Tuesday.

Up to the time of this writing the firing is unexplained. From the sound of the guns we should think it was distant about ten miles from the city, and, pretty certainly, somewhere between the Charles City road and Deep Bottom.

Persons who came over by rail from Petersburg last evening reported that the enemy had shelled the town violently yesterday morning, and that during the day ten thousand Yankee cavalry had taken possession of the Weldon road. Whatever they may have accomplished, we think there were hardly so many cavalry.

THE LATEST.

The telegraph informs us that an infantry and cavalry force of the enemy yesterday morning broke thro' our cavalry lines on our extreme right, south of Petersburg, and reached the Weldon railroad, when, after they had torn up some track, they were attacked by our infantry and, report said, beaten and forced to retreat.

OUR RAMS DO SOMETHING.

Before the last advance of Grant upon the north side of the James our lines included Signal Hill, an important point on the north bank, two miles and a half by land east of and below Chaffin's Bluff. During the movements and fights of Monday and Tuesday we lost this position, and the enemy occupied it in force and planted upon and in rear of it heavy siege guns. By our successes of Tuesday evening we re-established our whole line with the exception of this point, and it being desired to retake this, Wednesday evening our iron clads, then lying at Grave Yard Bend, were ordered to drop down and shell the position. They performed the required service most effectually. Their firing was beautiful. Every shell exploded just at the right place. The enemy replied with heavy guns, some of them being 280-pounders. But so accurate and rapid was our fire upon the Hill that the enemy found it necessary to evacuate it. When, at daylight yesterday morning, our infantry advanced upon the position, they found it abandoned. Some prisoners taken in the immediate vicinity state that the enemy's loss during the engagement was twenty-one killed and a large number wounded. There was no casualty in our fleet, none of them being struck. The enemy fired from a distance of twenty-eight hundred yards, we from twelve to twenty-three hundred yards. The celebrated McAvoy fuse was used by us, and to it, in a great measure, it is due that we were enabled to explode our shell just where we desired. It is to be regretted that this fuse is not in more general use in our armies, instead of the most unreliable percussion fuse.

THE BATTLES OF MONDAY AND TUESDAY.

We have authentic information that, in the series of severe engagements fought on this side of the river during Monday and Tuesday, and culminating in the battle below White's Tavern on Tuesday evening, our entire loss in killed, wounded and missing did not exceed one thousand. It is believed that our killed will scarcely number one hundred. The enemy's killed alone will exceed our losses from all causes. In killed, wounded and prisoners Grant's loss is not less than seven or eight thousand.

Siege Matters—Four Hundred and Seventh Day.

The firing on Thursday was more sluggish than usual. Battery Gregg fired 33 shots, and the "Swamp Angel" battery 12 shots at Fort Sumter. Sullivan's Island fired one shot at Morris Island, and Battery Wagner replied with four shots at Sullivan's Island.

In the afternoon a flag of truce boat from the fleet, communicated with Col. Rhett's headquarters on Sullivan's Island.

Charleston Courier, 19th inst.

Colonel John R. Murchison, of the Eighth North Carolina regiment, died in a northern prison on the 7th of June.

They are making straw hats in Paris without any crown, its place being supplied by two ballas of lace veiling the hair.

From the Mobile Advertiser and Register.

"All Out to Pieces"

DE OFFICIAL STATEMENT OF JULIUS SNOW, LATE SCHUTENANT IN THE AFRICAN BRIGADE UNDER NIGGAH-DEAR GENERAL HUNTAH.

It is absolutely necessary to have something to laugh over, and now more than ever, when the bar-rooms are closed and the city is in a state of siege. We find, in a heap of rubbish, the following burlesque, from the New York Caucasian, of two years ago. It has titillated our risibles, and we are confident it will produce the same effect upon all our readers that have any laugh in them.—We pity those that have't.

I'll gib you de partiklars of de late engagement ob de African brigade.

Eberybody knows de Federal Gen. Huntah. He's a Niggah dear General way down in Dixie, and a bery earnest man. Well, Niggah dear General Huntah got up what de white folks call a Brigade of African descent; but it is done gone now. It isn't no whar. It's all cut to pieces. But de fost thing was to make de calkers, and I applied for de Jiggadier. And what de debbination dy you tink de General said? He said, "Mistah Snow, you can't hab dat office. De pressure's too strong. Cæsar has got de skatifferates, and he's got de Jiggadier." "Well," says I, "you jest go ahead and gib dat office to Cæsar. Jest—you—do—it. Go according to de pressure and de skatifferates. Gib de office to Cæsar. Jest—you—do—it! Make him de Sprigadier, and you'll see!"

"See what?" says General Huntah.

"Jest go accordin to de pressure and de skatifferates and you'll see, says I, berry dignified.

Says he, "Mistah Snow, you must tell me what de debbilation you mean."

"Well," says I, "I can dam soon tell you what I mean," says I. "Cæsar hasn't got de crugence! He won't stand fish, nah; dat's what I mean. But gib dat office to Cæsar, according to de pressure, and make dis child de major."

"Can't make you de major, Mistah Snow," says General Huntah: "de pressure's too strong; Scipio's got the skatifferates. Scipio's de major."

"Well," says I, "you must go ahead, accordin to de pressur and skatifferates, and make Scipio de major, and you'll see!"

"What de debbilation do you mean?" says he.

"I'll tell you what I mean," says I "dam quick. Scip hasn't got de widgance. He can't stand de fish, nah. Dat so."

Says General Huntah, says he, "Mistah Snow, dar's one office I can gib you. Hasina Rosemary wants it; but Mistah Rosemary hasn't got no pressure and no skatifferates," says he, "and dat office I'll gib to you sartin," says he, "and dat's de scrutenant."

And so I took the Scrutenant. And den we had to git the volunteers. But I believe we had a time getten em. De darkies skedaddled when de drum was up. Wen de orders from Headquarters come, dey showed dare hind quarters dam fas. Nebber saw so many niggah's backs in all my born days. Didn' see niffin but backs for two weeks. Debbilation! says I, I'm leered de population's ruined! Got niffin but backs—yah! yah! yah!

But we cotch em easy an no mistake. We just let em run. De faster dey run de better dey get, and be better de scent. Dat's how we followed em. De scent was so strong, we jest got to the starting post and took hold of it like a string, and followed it right up, and de darkey was always at toder end. And den we fotch him back and made him volunteer. Debbilation! What's de use ob a draft! Just make em volunteer. Dat's how.

And when we had em all volunteered, we had free fousand!

But the Niggadier had to resign de fust day. His heels was so dam long and sharp, dey spurred de hoss into cavolin, and he frowded Gen. Huntah fohteen times. So the General called out scrs. and he made his assignment. And the Majah likewise made an assignment too, de same day, and de reason for de assignment of Majah Scipio was dat he didn't had no quaintance wid de hoss. He said he war intimately acquainted wid the mule, but de dam red tape wouldn't allow de mule to be rid, and so the Majah abjugated.

De day arter command revolved on de undersigned, as Scrutenant, and had a debate of a mind to make a consignment de same day; but the old Niggahdear said if I designed he would shoot me; and so I volunteered to command de troops.

I tried to lose em, but dat ebolution couldn't be effected. The occasion was, dar runs bowed 'em out ob line; and when I said, "right face," dore heels got tangled, and dey fell down by pontoons. But de old Niggah dear sent on de Hemp fled rifles, and ebery soldier shouldered his gun, and rammed down cartige. Den I drawed 'em all up in battle array, and said, "make ready!" and dey make reddied; and den I said, "make aim!" and dey take aimed; and den I said, "FIAH!"

Goshamty! When dey fained de whole regiment was cut to pieces in a minit. De guns went off, and den fifteen hundred sojers fell down done gone mortally wounded. De occashun was, dey couldn't stand de fiah! De noise stunned em, and de smoke frascated 'em, and so dey fell.—And de udder fifteen hundred took de camp dysentry right off. Debbilation! De fiah dar *operations* was gredinn.

Well, de next day de old Niggah-dear he come down, and gib us all an eberla ting fur below, an took away de commission on de Scrutenant who was de last survivin ossifer.

In concludin dese remarks, I beg to make de official statement, dat de cullud man is not fit for a sojer—Fust—: Because his shin is so bowed that he can't be lined; in de Fif place, because his heels is so long dat dey are liable to tangle and upset de who lecompany; Second'y, because de cullud man is subject to dysentery in de dread hour ob battle; and in the Biebenth and last place, because da bogan-zation ob de cullud individual is so bery delikit dat he can't stan de smell of gunpowdah and de contusion ob de atmosfere.

JULIUS SNOW,
Late Scrutenant Commanding.

ADDITIONAL FROM MOBILE.

Narrative of the Passage of the Forts—Account from on Board our Fleet.

Mobile papers of the 9th instant are received. They contain additional particulars of the entrance of the enemy into Mobile Bay. The Tribune has a very interesting narrative, written in Fort Morgan, from which we make the following extracts:

THE OPENING OF THE FIGHT.

As the sun rose on the following day, we discovered that the fleet had, during the night, hauled off to the eastward and contracted their line into a semi-circle, nearly due south of the fort, and within not more than three miles from the main inlet into the channel. Their appearance was quite martial; the broad pennons that floated in the breeze from the top of their dark turrets, seemed to bid defiance to the diminutive forces that were manning the ramparts of Fort Morgan, and called up a sneering comparison between their bulkey forms and the almost puny size of our own little fleet, which was coolly expecting the advance of their formidable adversaries.

At thirty minutes past six a signal shot was fired from the extreme right wing of the Federals: that shot falling short south-east of the fort, was soon after followed by a shell, which burst over the fort, sending its death dealing fragments over the officer's quarters outside. By that time, all was movement and activity within the walls; the officers rushing to their several posts, were leading their detachments to the southern bastions, and the firm, steady tramp of their brave followers was the only sound heard through the stillness of the morning.

The fleet then commenced their movement, and closing up on the centre, so as to bring the leading ships of the extreme right and left wings abreast, soon formed themselves into *echelons* and made their way towards the head of the pass.

In front, westward, rode the Tecumseh, a double turreted monster, vomiting fire through eight apertures constantly revolving. On her left a large sized frigate, and in their wake the balance of the fleet, each succeeding file covering in part that which preceded it. To those who look only to the outward appearance of things, this array looked quite martial; but for those to whom the respective forces of the contending parties were known, it lost all its prestige, and derived no other interest but that resulting from the really beautiful architecture of the Federal navy, sailing up with a force of over three hundred guns of the largest calibre to cover power a fort and fleet mounting not more than forty of vastly inferior weight.

It was then 7:30 A. M., and as their line advanced they discharged their broadsides at the fort and kept moving on till the leadmost vessels were within not more than a half mile from our batteries. Then a calm deep voice is heard, and the command, "Commence firing," rings along our bastions. It is answered with a cheer—a soul stirring cheer—that comes from the willing and devoted breasts of the men who have for over twenty minutes stood like statues by the side of their guns. Soon the pieces are sighted, the lanyards pulled, and soon the sharp shrill sound of our heavy Parrott guns as they whistled through the air as their square headed bolts are tearing their way towards the invader's ships. As to each broadside, we answer in defiance of their numbers—to every shot fired by us a hundred shots reply. Soon the heavy sands of the southern glacis and the turf of the parapets are seen bursting up in every direction, burying under their flying masses the heavy chases of our cannons, and covering up with their rubbish the gallant fellows serving the pieces.

As General Page paces up and down the parapets, hailed with cheers by the men who so dearly love him, he hardly seems to notice the hail of fire, iron and lead that rushes over and past him. He seems to find in them an old familiar voice, which merely recalls to him that sentiment, that idol of his life, "duty."

THE SINKING OF THE IRON-CLAD TECUMSEH.

As he slowly passes each battery, he stops, and, in a few simple words, encourage the men and advises the officers, often sighting the piece which, under his experienced eye, sends, lightening like, its steeled bolts into the enemy's quaking flanks. Yet, the long line still slowly advances, and as the first file is entering the channel our fire concentrates on the monster monitor Tecumseh, who, steering off westward, seems bravely to stand the shock, till suddenly, and just as Captain Hughes has sent her amidships one of his heaviest shots, she disappears as by magic from the broad bosom of the waters, engulphed in a whirpool which so rapidly closes upon her, that before the astonished gaze of the spectator has commenced searching for her, nothing more than a ripple is seen settling on the surface of those waves which a moment before she was so proudly riding. Sunk, sunk in the deepest depths of the Gulf—sunk with one hundred and fifty living souls, six of whom only escaped—the captain and pilot to the ships, and four men to the shore. A cheer: the cheer of five hundred men is raised over what is now the grave of the insolent invaders—a grave from which none will rise till a just and avenging God shall call them up to be doomed to the still more frightful and everlasting punishment reserved for the murderers of public peace and domestic happiness.

Yet, the frightful example before them deters them not, and, pushing on under increased steam, they advance, coming through the pass, till the foremost ones have already presented their broadsides to the western flank of the fort. But there, instead of being able to concentrate our whole fire on them, the traverses are so awkwardly disposed that the guns of the southern bastions cannot be brought to bear on the channel, there being no room to swing them to the right; and thus comes the illustration of their oft-repeated prophecies, as to the folly to provide the fort with defences calculated only to repel the enemy whilst off in the Gulf, instead of tempting him to come right abreast of the fort, and there pouring in our deadly volleys.

Thus, as each succeeding file passed out of the range of our heaviest metal, the brave cannoniers are compelled to turn their muzzles away from it and direct their fire on the succeeding file; so that at no time more than five, and sometimes less than three guns are engaged in impeding the progress of the fleet. But even under such disadvantages the brave defenders of the fort give not up the contest; and after having received the fire of the ramparts, the enemy still have to run the gauntlet at the water battery, which frowns at the foot of the southwest and western bastions.

THE TENNESSEE IN ACTION.

Another peal of guns is heard. It is the Tennessee, with Admiral Buchanan standing outside her shield, as in the fight of the Merrimac. There again he confronts them, and as each passes and, fearful of his blows, gives him a wide berth to the eastward, he pours into them his deadly and regular fire; first the monitors, shying off to the west at least twelve hundred yards, then the cautious Brooklyn and Hartford, then the whole fleet running past him in terror as much of his name as of his deeds. One, two, three, then six, then ten, twelve, seventeen pass him afar off, and seventeen receive his salute; and then, with the wings that fear lends to the pale-faced poltroon, they rush down towards the western shore, far beyond his range. Of those who lag behind, two engage the Selma, each of which could haul her up on her deck as a fancy jolly-boat; three make for the Gaines, which, in still greater disproportion, rushes in their midst, and boldly attempts to grapple the most powerful of her adversaries. Foiled in this foolhardy enterprise, receiving in a few minutes fifteen shots through her hull and machinery, crippled and almost sinking, she seems, under the vivifying touch of the gallant Bennett, to recover for one moment the spasmodic energies of a dying man, and excruciating herself by a supreme effort from the grasp of her powerful enemy, she fruitlessly rushes towards shore, where, as she beaches high and dry on the soil sand, her whole frame, shattered and exhausted by the effort, renders a low, rumbling sound, as the death-rattle of a giant.

But yonder, yonder, near the western shore, the Selma raked fore and aft by the broadsides of her antagonists, is swept by their shot, and her decks covered with the dead and dying. She strikes that flag what she so valiantly defended—thus, the gallant Pat Murphy falls at the hands of the enemy, who triumphtly raised their infamous stars and stripes over the immaculate standard of the South.

Meantime, the Morgan has hugged in the eastern shore, and exchanging rapid shots with two of the Federal ships, she adroitly manages to draw off from the unequal contest, and thus save at least one of our gallant ships, after receiving only slight injuries; and well did she act, the brave ship; for as the Gaines and Selma were already disposed of, she would have been beset by not less than seven of the most powerful gunboats. With the gallant deed of Captain Harrison, who, on the same night, took up his vessel to Mobile. Keeping up a running fight with three of the enemy, the world is already acquainted, but what they knew not, is that when she started, he and his noble crew had pledged themselves, on their sacred fires and honor, to blow her up sooner than let her fall in the enemy's hands.

And now, all anxious eyes are turned towards the Tennessee, which still, in the middle of the channel, moves proudly and defiantly to expect the combined efforts of the fourteen heavy guns now bearing on her flank and rear; but she soon relights her torch that was laid off in the proportion of seventeen to one they intend to drive her under the cannons of the fort, and leave her there until eaten up by the worms; starved out of coal and provisions, she will fall an easy prey into their hands.

Then the noble ship like a thing of life, seems to awake from a deep slumber, and her whole frame shaking with anger, vibrates through the iron nostrils of her warlike machinery; she emits a hissing sound as the explosion of her long-restrained fury, and suddenly wheeling round, she darts with her utmost speed after the miscreants. As she steamed up westward in quest of the errant crew, her broad plumes of black smoke and snow white steam rolling back in heavy clouds in her wake, her pointed ram cleaving the waves in twain, she really a the very image of courage and power combined, and appears to our eyes like the Leviathan of biblical mythology. On, on she rushes; and as she nears the western shore the enemy's fleet scatter in every direction—four towards two, and eleven with the two monitors, north and south of her. Still she keeps on her frantic race, driving them before her under the lee shore of Cedar Point, when, finding that he is being hedged, they finally turn and accept the challenge. There, in the midst of thirteen vessels, two of which more powerful than herself, with eight guns against two hundred, she disdains the fight, gives the first signal and makes the first charge.

THE LAST STRUGGLE OF THE TENNESSEE.

Thus, like an infuriated bear worried by a pack of hounds, now rushes and leaps up on one, ripe another open, knocks down and smashes up a third under the powerful claws, then falls back to take a fresh spring and make for the vital parts of the yelping curs; then brave Buchanan darts right and left, forward and rear, at every vessel in turn; and though his speed is not equal to the promptings of his lion's heart, yet each time he rushes towards one of them, the latter nearly backs without his reach. At last, gathering courage, they form around him, at more than a mile distance, a complete semi circle, with the Tennessee at the centre of the cord, and concentrating their fire upon her, send broadside after broadside into her flanks. Yet she moves not, but gives back shot for shot, blow for blow, steel for steel, emitting fire at once from each of her portholes, and awfully punching three of her nearest adversaries as to compel them to draw off from the conflict and careen over on shore—she keeps up the unequal contest in spite of the fearful odds against her.

While the fight was progressing, a little low-pressure steamer, called the Philippi, attempted to take advantage of the excitement and pass the fort; but a shot disabled her and killed one man. The Morgan then went out and burnt her. The crew of the Gaines made their way to the city last night in small boats.

In the midst of one of the groups stood our General, who alone had a spy-glass, and in whose intelligent and impassible features we were reading the progress of the fight far better than with our naked eyes. Suddenly he drops the glass from his eye, raises it again, and in a low voice mutters to himself, "She has ceased firing." We signal every optic nerve, stretch every sense to watch, when suddenly the old veteran again drops the glass, and, sighing out, "She flies the white flag," retires from our midst with the sad, slow, solemn step of one who has just closed the grave over his last cherished hope.

And true it was; the noble ship had struck her colors, not that she was tired, but that she was conquered, but, as we learned soon afterwards, because her rudder chains had parted and she had become an inert and unmanageable mass, unable any longer to confront the foe. Soon the base vultures, who had stood afar from her, gathered around like all beasts of prey which come to the carrion, but run from the living flesh, and the Tennessee was lost to our view. Brave Buchanan had lost a leg, and two of his men killed during the action; but, as informed by the flag of truce boat, the vessel herself was as sound as when first launched, and had she not met with that apparently trifling accident, she might yet be the proud mistress of the bay. As it is, she soon will be one of the most, if not the most, redoubtable of the enemies we may have shortly to combat.

Thus, closed, at forty minutes past nine A. M., the contest for the possession of Mobile Bay, having lasted two and a half hours, and resulted disastrously, but not ingloriously, to our arms.

AFTER THE FIGHT.

About eight o'clock last evening a flag-of-truce boat was sent from the enemy to Fort Morgan, asking permission to bury their dead at Fort Morgan and to send their wounded to Pensacola. Not being in proper form, it was not acceded to. Others say that Admiral Farragut sent a message to General Page stating that he had Admiral Buchanan on board, with his leg amputated, and that he wanted permission to pass the fort to take him to Pensacola, where his wound would no better cared for than on board of the ship. General Page replied that if he would send Admiral Buchanan to the fort, under parole, he would transport him to Mobile, where he would receive all the attention required.

THE EVACUATION OF FORT POWELL.

On Friday afternoon, one of the enemy's rams, carrying four guns, began to reconnoitre in the vicinity of the fort on the bay side, and in a short time opened fire on it.—That part of the fort was not completed, though the guns were mounted there, but they were so exposed that they could be of little service, and one of them was dismounted on the third or fourth shot from the ram. The fort did, however, exchange some few shots, with what effect is not known. The ram neared the fort to within a few hundred yards, doing great damage to the works. One shot is said to have penetrated the bomb-proof; two of its water locks were destroyed, and other damage was done. The untenable condition of the place was obvious. Colonel Williams determined, before his communication with the shore was cut off, to evacuate it, so he arranged a time fuse to the magazine, and then collecting the men together, quietly withdrew to Cedar Point. The explosion of the magazine took place shortly after.

THE ENEMY'S MOVEMENTS.

They are within the bay, and now what is to follow?—Conjectures here may not be at fault. Fort Powell being evacuated, a few hours' work will remove the obstructions in Grant's Pass, and then there will be uninterrupted communication with New Orleans. Thence the enemy can supply his vessels with all that they need. The forts are of no use at all to prevent this; and thence, also, he can bring as many men as he has at command for a land attack on this city. The probability is—if this be his programme—that he will attempt a landing somewhere near Dog river, and march from that *point d'appui*. Then we shall get him to a position where his vessels cannot help him, provided he be not able to come with them to the city's front;—and thus we shall have him where the courage and skill of our troops will be of some avail. We can meet him there with some advantage of position, and, we trust, great advantage of courage and determination.

It is impossible to imagine how he will get the forces necessary to make this kind of approach prudent. But, as we have been often disappointed in our estimates of his resources, he may gather troops sufficient to justify him in making the attempt. If he by this means, then, that he expects to subjugate Mobile; and the fact—for it looks like a fact—will show what our policy is, and what is needed of us on land. We hold it to be totally impossible for this city to be taken by this process if behind its defences there be men of valor and determination.

NAVAL OFFICERS.—The following list of the birthplaces of some of the prominent American naval officers, and the time they entered service, is from the naval Register. Farragut has a good many years on his back. The gallant Captain Murphy is usually called Pat,—we suppose from his fondness for the "heady rapture of the strife." His real name, however, is Peter. As he has a reputation which will live in the books, it is well that the error should be corrected:

F. Buchanan, Md.,	entered service	1815.
Peter U. Murphy, N. C.,	"	1831.
J. D. Johnson, Ky.,	"	1822.
E. Fahrand, N. Y.,	"	1823.
D. G. Farragut, Tenn.	"	1801.
Raphael Semmes, Md.,	"	1826.
Thos. J. Page, Va.,	"	1827.
Geo. W. Harrison, West Indies,	"	1834.
Joan M. Manit, Ireland,	"	1832.

TELEGRAPHIC

Reports of the Press Association.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by J. S. THRASHER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Confederate States for the Northern District of Georgia.

FROM FLORIDA—FIGHT WITH THE YANKEES—CAPTURE OF YANKEES AND NEGROES.

CHARLESTON, Aug. 20th, 1864.

An official dispatch from Gen. J. K. Jackson, dated Lake City, Florida, Aug. 19th, to Gen. Jones, received late last night, says: Captain Dickinson, with his command, engaged the enemy's cavalry, 342 strong, at Gainesville, on at least twelve hundred yards, then the cautious Brooklyn and Hartford, then the whole fleet running past him in terror as much of his name as of his deeds. One, two, three, then six, then ten, twelve, seventeen pass him afar off, and seventeen receive his salute; and then, with the wings that fear lends to the pale-faced poltroon, they rush down towards the western shore, far beyond his range. Of those who lag behind, two engage the Selma, each of which could haul her up on her deck as a fancy jolly-boat; three make for the Gaines, which, in still greater disproportion, rushes in their midst, and boldly attempts to grapple the most powerful of her adversaries. Foiled in this foolhardy enterprise, receiving in a few minutes fifteen shots through her hull and machinery, crippled and almost sinking, she seems, under the vivifying touch of the gallant Bennett, to recover for one moment the spasmodic energies of a dying man, and excruciating herself by a supreme effort from the grasp of her powerful enemy, she fruitlessly rushes towards shore, where, as she beaches high and dry on the soil sand, her whole frame, shattered and exhausted by the effort, renders a low, rumbling sound, as the death-rattle of a giant.

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Meantime, the Morgan has hugged in the eastern shore, and exchanging rapid shots with two of the Federal ships, she adroitly manages to draw off from the unequal contest, and thus save at least one of our gallant ships, after receiving only slight injuries; and well did she act, the brave ship; for as the Gaines and Selma were already disposed of, she would have been beset by not less than seven of the most powerful gunboats. With the gallant deed of Captain Harrison, who, on the same night, took up his vessel to Mobile. Keeping up a running fight with three of the enemy, the world is already acquainted, but what they knew not, is that when she started, he and his noble crew had pledged themselves, on their sacred fires and honor, to blow her up sooner than let her fall in the enemy's hands.

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THE LAST STRUGGLE OF THE TENNESSEE.

Thus, like an infuriated bear worried by a pack of hounds, now rushes and leaps up on one, ripe another open,

From the Petersburg Express, 19th inst.

FROM THE FRONT.

The enemy cut the Southern Railroad and Advance towards the city—They are checked and finally driven back with heavy loss.

For several days past it has been noticed that the enemy, after having contracted his lines temporarily on his left, (our right,) was engaged in extending them.—The object was not distinctly understood—at least in official circles—until yesterday morning, when the enemy in strong force rapidly pushed forward around our right, and struck the Southern railroad, at the Old Yellow Tavern, four miles from the city.

About 9 o'clock, a. m., the enemy, in heavy force of infantry and cavalry, appeared at Gurley's farm, about three miles south east of the city, and three miles east of Reams's, and throwing forward a strong line of skirmishers, advanced at once towards the road at the Old Tavern. They soon encountered the pickets of Dearing's cavalry brigade, who fought them as they retired in the direction of the Tavern, where Gen. Dearing's reserves were encamped. Gen. Dearing deployed them in the most skillful manner, and checked the progress of the Yankee troops, but finding himself opposed to very large odds, was compelled to give back gradually. His troops behaved in the most gallant manner, and fought in a style highly creditable. From 9 o'clock until 2 p. m., he engaged the enemy, fighting inch by inch all the way from the Tavern to Davis's—two miles nearer the city.

It was during this period that a portion of his command made a gallant and successful charge upon the enemy, and brought off nearly two hundred prisoners, among them Lieutenant Colonel and eight commissioned officers.

About two o'clock, the enemy in their advance towards the city had reached a point just beyond Davis' house, and threw their skirmishers forward through the woods for one hundred yards beyond. They were there met by Dearing's cavalry until reinforcements arrived. The enemy here occupied both sides of the road for not exceeding several hundred yards to the right, and their right resting away off to the west in the thick woods and undergrowth.

They also formed some four or five hundred yards in front of the field occupied by the Yankees, and in this order, with flags as elastic and wild-cats as fierce, they were marching to a feast, our men forward to the contest. The enemy's skirmishers were soon and quickly driven back, which in turn fell in confusion upon their second line, and that in turn behind. Pressing still forward amidst the storm of shot and the roar of musketry, this *third* line was quickly broken and almost routed, and the Yankees here—a mere string of four divisions, commanded by Gen Warren, (of the Fifth corps) in person—were driven back for three-quarters of a mile.

Their progress would have been greater, and the Yankees hastily on the railroad would have been struck much further, but possessing such a large force they flanked us on the left, and our troops were compelled to retire a short distance.

This engagement, which lasted for an hour or more, was conducted with the most conspicuous bravery.—It was indeed a severe fight—with a power three thousand numerical odds. Their coolness in the midst of it may probably be best attested by the enemy, who lie thickly scattered through the woods for the space of half a mile. Officers of high rank say that the loss of the enemy in killed and wounded is very large, and prisoners themselves admit it most terribly.

Our loss in the affair is not inconsiderable—about a hundred. Three hundred wounded have been sent to the hospitals and more are yet behind. Four hundred, at the most will cover the aggregate.

The loss of the enemy lost about two hundred commands about thirty.

About 6 o'clock, a brisk artillery fire was opened upon the enemy by our batteries at Davis's farm, which was promptly replied to. The enemy's shells cut down Mr. Davis' fine grove trees down, and injured the house considerably. This shelling was but to cover a charge on our part, in order to dislodge the enemy from a position to the left of the road which was very important to us. The work was entrusted to our best fighting brigades, and executed in most brilliant manner. Subsequently the enemy advanced twice, but were repulsed.

The shelling, which at times broke out quite lively, continued until seven o'clock, when it subsided into a desultory picket firing.

DAMAGE TO THE ROAD.

From the best information we are enabled to gain, the enemy has torn up from one and a half to two miles of the Weldon road, commencing at the Yellow Tavern and coming this way. What they have done or may go beyond that point, it is impossible to say. It is hoped, if they have not touched the track there, up to Reams, that they inflicted heavy damage last night. We can probably learn to-day the full extent of the injury inflicted on the line of our communication.

REPORTED RAID THROUGH DINWIDDIE.

It is reported that while the enemy's infantry was engaged in operating and fighting on the Southern road a body of cavalry crossed over through Dinwiddie county, on a raid towards the Southside road. We could not ascertain positively that this was the case, but it seems to be the impression that some such movement has been put on foot by the enemy.

PRESENT POSITION OF THE ENEMY.

The enemy still occupy the Southern road with their batteries planted along the lines as far down as the Yellow Tavern. Their lines extend on either side, and do not reach across to the Plank road. They were engaged yesterday afternoon in throwing up breastworks as a matter of protection against the future. The battle will probably be renewed this morning unless the Yankees disappeared last night.

OBJECT OF THIS MOVEMENT.

The object of the enemy in this flank movement is two-fold. From an officer who was captured yesterday, and who, by the way, is a most intelligent man, we understand the first to be, the destruction of the Southern road; and the second, to weaken our forces in the trenches to such an extent by the withdrawal of reinforcements, as to enable the enemy, by a determined attack, to force a breach in our lines.—Meeting with early and unexpected opposition the expedition turns out a failure in the most important point.

CASUALTIES.

We are enabled to give but few casualties in the battles of yesterday.

Col. Blair, of Mississippi, leg broken.

Col. Love, 47th Virginia, arm broken.

Adjutant Laird, of the Maryland Battalion, killed.

Capt. Chase commanding Maryland Battalion, severely wounded.

The Maryland Battalion was in the thickest of the fight, and sustained its well won reputation. The command lost heavily. Adjutant Laird was buried in Mr Davis's yard.

Private Geo. Lufsey, of Graham's (Petersbug) battery, was killed.

THE FIRING YESTERDAY.

About one o'clock yesterday morning, our batteries all along the lines opened upon the Yankees, and kept up a continual fire for two hours. The Yankees responded but feebly.

OUR TROOPS ENGAGED.

For prudential reasons we withhold the names of the brigades engaged in the fight of yesterday. At an early day we hope to give them that credit they so fully deserve.

We are under many obligations (lately) to the Express messengers, for late papers from Petersburg and Richmond. We received on Monday night, through the kindness of Mr. ZIMMERMAN, dates from the above cities to the 20th, from which we make several extracts as follows:

From the Petersburg Express, 20th inst.

FROM THE FRONT.

Heavy Loss to the Enemy on the Weldon Railroad—The enemy attacked and forced back—Three thousand prisoners captured—severe loss inflicted on the enemy.

In the engagement of Thursday afternoon on Davis' farm, two and a half miles South of the city, the enemy was driven back from his advanced position on the Weldon Railroad, for the distance of nearly one mile. A severe chastisement was inflicted upon the foe, and hundreds of his killed and wounded fell into our hands. Night closed further operations, and the enemy remained in possession of the railroad—his left extending across in the direction of the Boydton Plank road, and his right eastward to the Jerusalem Plank road.

At this point breastworks had been thrown up, which were greatly strengthened during the night.—Other lines in the rear of this position were busily employed all night in fortifying themselves against an apprehended attack yesterday.

For reasons unnecessary for us to state, our troops fell back to a more eligible position nearer the city on Thursday night, leaving only a picket line in front of the Yankees, which was also withdrawn at a late hour. The enemy did not discover our disappearance from their front until yesterday morning, when they immediately threw forward their lines of skirmishers, and advanced their left to the battle field of Thursday, in Davis' corn field, throwing up as they advanced, two lines of breastworks. Their right was extended in an oblique direction, to the northeast of the railroad, and batteries were placed at favorable points along the whole line.

This occupation of one of our main lines of communication with the South was, of course, not to be permitted without an effort to dislodge the enemy. Accordingly, all arrangements having been completed, Gen. A. P. Hill, commanding Mahone's and Heth's divisions, attacked them between the hours of three and four o'clock. General Mahone commanded the troops to the left of the railroad, and Gen. Heth those to the right. The attack was opened by Mahone, and was speedily responded to by Heth on the right, and the battle raged furiously.

On the right, Gen. Heth, with the gallant brigades of his divisions—Davis', Walker's and Archer's—struck the enemy's picket line in the cornfield a short distance beyond Davis' residence. These were quickly forced back upon the first line of breastworks, held by a formidable force. With a cheer the Confederate troops bounded forward and swept over all obstruction, pressing the Yankees back with severe loss into their second line, and charging onward forced them thence with an equal lack of ceremony. Beaten from their works and defeated in their every effort to retain them, the Yankees retreated to their main line of entrenchments, into which they had been driven on the previous evening. This line having been greatly strengthened, proved too strong to be stormed, and our troops were checked in the face of the slaughter which threatened a further advance.

In the meantime, Gen. Mahone, with Clingman's, Colquitt's and his former brigade, had struck the right of the Yankee lines and captured eight hundred prisoners. Pressing forward with his usual energy, he drove the enemy before him, successfully charging them wherever they made a stand. Finding them strongly entrenched, however, in the thick woods opposite Davis' farm, it was determined to dislodge them by a flank movement. Clingman's and Mahone's old brigade engaged them in front, while by a circuitous route Colquitt's (Georgia,) brigade was thrown on their flank. The movement proved a brilliant success, and caused scarcely any loss to our troops.

Colquitt's men were upon the Yankees almost before they were aware of such close proximity of the rebels, and surrender or fighting under fearful disadvantage was the alternative. Crawford's crack division, of Warren's (5th) corps, here fell a helpless victim to rebel strategy, and the greater part of *two brigades*—numbering over *two thousand men*—threw down their arms and surrendered. The prisoners were quickly placed under guard and sent to the rear, where they were formed into line and marched to Gen. Hill's headquarters.

The battle still progressed successfully until the enemy was driven back to the position from which he advanced in the morning. At dark our lines were close up to his works, and occasional volleys of musketry showed still farther fighting.

Among the prisoners taken, is Brig. General Hays, of Mass., several Colonels, and other field officers of less grade. Gen. Hays was brought into town last night.

During the engagement we lost a number of men—taken prisoners, but we understand they were afterwards recaptured. The success which followed the attack threw our men into the best spirits, and every soldier wore a smile of satisfaction upon his countenance.

The result of the attack is highly satisfactory to the officers in command, and is viewed in the most favorable light. The enemy has been materially weakened by the loss of three thousand of his best troops—taken prisoners, and several thousand killed and wounded.—He is demoralized by his defeat, and though he may fight hard yet to hold the position he has gained, his prestige is gone, and he will not offer the front he has shown during the last few days.

The weather was rainy during the day, and especially so during the afternoon. The fighting was done amidst a series of heavy showers, which not only incommoded our men, but rendered the ground heavy and slippery. Most of the fighting on our left was done in a dense growth of underbrush and woods.

Our artillery did most excellent service, and too much praise cannot be extended to the infantry for the part they played.

We can form no estimate of the Yankee loss, other than the statement of officers that it was very heavy. Many of their dead and wounded fell into our hands. Nor are we able to form an idea of our own loss, as up to night but few of the wounded had been brought from the field. The great majority of those we saw were slightly wounded. We shall learn further particulars of the casualties and of the battle to-day.

We regret to state, however, that Gen. Clingman was painfully, though not seriously wounded.

The battle for the possession of the railroad will probably be resumed this morning, and it is believed the enemy will not only be dislodged, but disastrously defeated. This expedition will turn out in the end, to be the greatest disaster that has yet happened to Grant in this department.

Reports from the battle field late last evening, represent our forces to be between the enemy and the main army in front of Petersburg. If so, something interesting may occur to-day.

It is also stated that several hundred more prisoners have been taken, thus running the number above 3,000.

As the enemy still hold the railroad, it is impossible to state what damage has been done the track. It is believed, that instead of sending a body of raiders across towards the Southside, the enemy's cavalry operating on the Weldon road in the rear of the army.

HEAVY FIRING ON THE LINES.

About 12½ o'clock on Thursday night, our batteries again opened on the enemy's lines in Prince George, and for two hours kept up a continuous fire.—It was the heaviest firing yet heard in the city. The object was to prevent some important movement believed to be in contemplation by the enemy.

THE MOVEMENTS ON THE NORTH SIDE.

The following press dispatches give some details of the enemy's recent movements on the North side of the James:

WASHINGTON, August 16.—On Saturday last, Gen. Hancock's corps was put in motion on the James river, and by a circuitous route reached the North side of the river at Deep Bottom, near Dutch Gap, on Saturday night.

Turner's and Tany's division, of the 10th corps, also crossed over to Deep Bottom on the same night.

Foster's division, which has been for some time posted at Deed Bottom, was advanced by Gen. Birney a little after sunrise on Sunday, pushing the rebel line of skirmishers before them for some considerable distance when the 24th Massachusetts regiment, line Col. Osborne, charged and broke the rebel line and captured seventy prisoners.

In the Meantime, Gregg's cavalry had cleared the roads for Hancock, and he got his second corps into position on Birney's right, on the New Market road, which leads from Malvern Hill directly to Richmond. Gen Birney made an assault on the enemy's front, and carried a line of his works, which guard the approaches to Richmond in that quarter. He captured six pieces of cannon and two mortars. Some advices state the number of mortars at two pieces.

A second dispatch, speaking of the same affair, says:

The first and third divisions, which were in support, lost about 250 in killed and wounded, from the effects of the rebel artillery.

The Baltimore *Gazette*, speaking of this movement of Grant, says:

The object of Gen. Grant in crossing the James river to the Peninsula, near Deep Bottom, appears to have been to ascertain by a reconnoissance in force, the strength of the Confederates in that quarter. Two army corps (the second and tenth) and Gen. Foster's division were engaged in the movement. In its earlier stages it was quite successful. A battery, consisting of four eight inch Napoleon guns, was captured. The Confederate skirmishers were driven back upon their supports, with the loss of seventy five to a hundred men taken prisoners, and a line of rifle pits carried. Here the success of the Federal troops terminated. The enemy was found to occupy a strong position in force. An attempt which was made by the 2d division of the 2d corps, to flank the enemy's works failed completely.

* * The loss in the 2d division is said to have been at least 300 men. The 1st and 3d divisions, which were in support, lost about 250.

FROM ATLANTA—BATTLE OF THE 6TH—SHERMAN'S COMMUNICATIONS CUT.

Under its "General News" head, the *Gazette* says:

There can no longer be any doubt that the battle of the 6th of August, before Atlanta, was quite a serious affair. For several days previous Gen. Sherman had been massing his troops on the right, and making all necessary preparations for a determined assault on Hood's works. The object of the Federal commander was to force his way to the Macon road, and compel Hood either to accept battle in the open field or to evacuate Atlanta.

The movement was intended to have been secret, sudden and, it was hoped, decisive. Delays, however, occurred. On the 4th and 5th, the troops of the 23d and 14th corps were in line of battle, and positions were assigned them from which an engagement was to have been brought on. On the evening of the 5th, the 14th corps, supported by a portion of the 23d, was ordered to advance and drive the enemy from a position in front of the Federal line. A misunderstanding on a point of military etiquette arose between the commanders, and the movement was not made. Orders were finally issued for the columns to advance at daylight on the 6th.

At the appointed time the 14th corps, supported by the 23d, crossed Utey creek drove in the enemy's skirmishers and pickets, and pushed forward eagerly to assault the line of earthworks that the Confederates had thrown up on a succession of hills, and whose possession would open the way to the Macon railroad. The Federal troops advanced to within twenty yards of the works, when the Confederates, who had reserved their fire, poured into the assaulting columns a perfect storm of bullets, which struck the men down by hundreds.—Actuated by a determination to force the line at any cost, the troops continued, nevertheless, to push forward, but the fire was so steady and persistent that they finally recoiled and fell back, leaving their dead and wounded in the hands of the enemy. The loss sustained in this attack by the first brigade alone is estimated at 300.—In the meantime firing had become general along the whole line, till it reached the front of the 15th corps, which was hotly engaged for more than an hour; but the results in that quarter are not given. The 2d, 3d and 20th corps succeeded, after a severe engagement, in advancing well forward upon the extreme left of the Confederates, which was found to extend along the line of the railroad; but the battle closed without reaching the coveted point. We learn from later dispatches that no serious engagement has since taken place.

* * * * * *

A dispatch received late last evening states that telegraphic communication with Dalton has ceased.—Wheeler attacked the Federal troops, under Scibold, at that point, drove them out, and occupied a portion of the town. Reinforcements were being sent to Scibold from Chattanooga. Four trains, intended for Sherman's army, were compelled to halt at or near Dalton. Wheeler's troops were busily engaged in tearing up the track on both sides of the town. His supposed object is to destroy the tunnel at Tunnel's Hill. Other portions of his forces are engaged cutting the road south of Dalton. A train on its way to Sherman is said to have been captured at Altoona.

The Burning of Chambersburg.

As it seems not to be generally known (says the Richmond *Examiner*) that the burning of Chambersburg was done by authority, as an act of retaliation, we deem it proper to publish the following copy of the order under which Brigadier-General McCausland laid the town in ashes:

"HARDY'S ADVANCE FORCES, C. S. A.,
"July 29th, 1864.

"*To the Municipal Authorities of Chambersburg, Pennsylvania:*

"The houses of Andrew Hunter, Esq., Alexander R. Boteler, Esq., and Edmund J. Lee, Esq., citizens of Jefferson county, Virginia, having been burned by order of the officer commanding the Federal forces in the department called the 'Department of West Virginia,' I have directed that your town pay for the said houses, to be handed over to the owners, the sum of $100,000 in gold, or its equivalent; or, if that cannot be produced, $500,000 in current Northern funds. In default of the payment of this money, your town is directed to be laid in ashes, in retaliation for the burning of said houses, and other houses of citizens of Virginia by Federal authority.

(signed) "J. A. EARLY,
"Lieutenant General Confederate States Army."

SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.—Wednesday morning we noticed that an accident occurred down the bay on Sunday night, and that Mr. J. J., Love had been killed, and Mr. Pierce severely wounded. The body of the supposed Love was brought up by the steamer Natchez and his friends notified of the fact, who immediately took charge of the remains, and preparations were made for the burial. That afternoon (Tuesday,) a telegraphic dispatch was sent to Mrs. Love, who resides a short distance up the Mobile and Ohio railroad, to come to the city. She did so, but by that time the supposed remains of her husband was well placed away in a packed coffin, and the body being in such a state of decomposition that her friends told her it was a matter of impossibility for him to be recognized by her; and for fear of some bad results, as she was exceedingly shaken by grief, they refused to open the coffin to give her the usual last look.

On Wednesday afternoon the corpse was escorted to its last resting place by Mrs. Love and a large concourse of intimate friends and acquaintances. Lo! and behold the sequel. On Wednesday night, the live body of Mr. Love was brought up on the steamer Dick Keyes and restored to his "widowed" wife and sorrowful friends; the mistake having occurred in sending the body from Navy Cove to the fort. It appears that four men were in the boat that the accident occurred on, and that some confusion occurred in respect to them and that the person who sent up the body to the fort told the one in charge of it that it was that of Joseph Love. He delivered it from person to party until it was forwarded, when it has since been proven that the dead man was Dennis Murphy, also a very worthy citizen. The person of the deceased was about the same height and size as Love, and the haste and confusion in sending up the body caused the mistake, which has terminated in anything else than a joke.

It is also stated that, on the morning of Wenesday, the newspapers containing the announcement of his death and funeral notice was read to Mr. Love at Fort Morgan. He immediately telegraphed to a lady friend, (he not knowing that his wife was in the city,) that he was safe and all right. The dispatch was received just before the funeral services were performed, and, owing to the excitement at the time, she, thinking it some trivial matter, laid the dispatch in her work basket and continued her preparation for the funeral, and did not read it until Love made his appearance at her house at 12 o'clock at night, when the feelings of his wife and all present can be better imagined than described.

Mobile Tribune.

Siege of Charleston.

FOUR HUNDRED AND TENTH DAY.

The record of the firing in the harbor since our last report runs as follows: During Friday night Battery Gregg fired 76 and the Swamp battery 23 shots at Fort Sumter. On Saturday the firing on Sumter from the same batteries, was limited to 38 shots, and on Sunday to 51 shots.

On Saturday night, Major JENKINS, finding that the enemy was using the timbers, &c., of the houses at Legareville for the purpose of establishing himself more comfortably on the neighboring island, gave orders for the destruction of the place. Amongst the troops engaged in the execution of this order, was that gallant command, the "Stono Scouts," sixteen of whom, on this occasion, performed the melancholy duty of applying the torch to their own houses.

The whole village was soon a blaze, making a great light, which could be plainly seen from the city. In a short time the work of destruction was accomplished, and nothing remained of Legareville but heaps of smouldering ashes.

Meanwhile, the enemy kept up a furious, but, as usual, harmless, bombardment of the place and of the peninsula upon which it stands.

Charleston Mercury, 22d inst.

THE CONFEDERATE STEAMER TALLAHASSEE.—The Baltimore Gazette, of the 18th inst. says:

The Tallahassee still continues her depredations. A telegram from Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, reports the capture of seven vessels on Sunday last. Another telegram from Thomaston, Maine, announces the capture of twenty-five vessels off Machiasport Rock. All the latter were, most probably, fishing schooners.

SETTLEMENT OF THE DANISH DIFFICULTIES.

The Asia at Halifax brings the intelligence that the arrangement of the Danish question has been confirmed *via* Copenhagen. Denmark completely cedes the Duchies to Austria and Prussia, together with Jutland and Euclares, the town of Ribe excepted.

From the Columbia (S. C.) Guardian.
Our Army Correspondence.

GIST'S BRIGADE IN ACTION.

ATLANTA, August 8th, 1864.—The seeming evacuation of Atlanta on the night of the 21st ult was a hoax of Hood's to mislead the enemy. Aware of the fact that the enemy was apprised of every movement in and near the city, he took this method of deceiving them, and succeeded so admirably as not only to impose upon the enemy, but the soldiery and citizens. While this seeming stampede was in progress, Hardee's command was quickly moving to the right, endeavoring to meet the enemy's rear. This he accomplished about 8 o'clock on the morning of the 22d, when the troops were rested for a couple of hours, within two miles of the enemy, having marched all night. About 10 o'clock the line of battle was formed, and marching through a dense underbrush, which impeded their advance considerably, they reached an old field about twelve o'clock, which brought the enemy in full view. The enemy perceiving our advance, sprang to their arms; our men raised a battle shout, and at double quick charged their breastworks. Owing to the difficulty of marching through the woods, the line of battle was not maintained in Walker's division, which necessitated each brigade to attack as it arrived on the field. Seven's brigade charged first, but being received so warmly, was obliged to retire. Just as he was being driven back, Gist emerged into the open field on the left of Stevens, and by an impetuous charge drove the enemy from his breastworks, capturing a number of prisoners and killing a great many. So eager were they in the charge, that rushing over a battery, they did not stop to take it, but pushed on towards the main body of the enemy's line.—This brigade covered itself with honor. Gen. Gist with his characteristic coolness and good judgment, handled his troops admirably. Seated upon his horse, he led the charge in person directing and encouraging his men. After he had broken a part of the enemy's line, and was reforming his own line to co-operate with his right, who were then in a few feet of the enemy's breastworks, an order from General Walker was extended to move his columns by the right flank to the skirt of the woods. This move subjected the command to an enfilade fire of the most galling nature, and resulted in cutting off a small portion of it from the main body. At this juncture, General Gist, in endeavoring to rally his brigade and preserve order, received a severe and painful wound in his left hand, and though seriously injured, he gallantly led his men out and reformed line of battle, when the painfulness of his wound compelled him to report to the hospital for operation. General Gist's staff acted with distinguished gallantry. Major Smith, Captains Butler and Garden, and Lieutenant Habersham, were at their respective posts, waving their hats and swords, and urging on the men. All of their horses were shot, Captain Butler's receiving seven wounds. Lieut. Habersham rode in front of the 46th Georgia, assisting its gallant Colonel in leading his men, waving his hat in one hand and his sword in the other. When within a short distance of the enemy, his horse was shot under him; but leaping to the ground, he rushed on, waving his sword and cheering. But a few moments after, a shell thrown from the enemy's battery bursted near him, literally carrying him to pieces. Sergt. Hobbs, of the 46th Georgia, ran to his assistance, to whom he remarked "Tell my mother that I am happy; I died fighting for my country," when his spirit was borne away upon the shouts of victory from thousands of patriot's hearts. After Gen. Gist left the field, the command devolved upon Col. McCullough, of the 16th S. C. V., who acted with great gallantry, coolness and judgment. Charging in front of his regiment, he led them boldly into action. Seeking a position for the most commanding, he selected the one of most danger, for on the side of his color-bearer, from whence could be heard his stentorian voice above the din of battle, urging his men onward. Among the officers of the regiment, the 16th S. C. V., who deserve a notice are Capt. Sterling Furman, Hourigan and Roberts, and Lieuts. R. H. Alexander to B. McCullough, W. S. Alexander, Co. K; David, McKenrick and Duncan. Capt. Holtzclaw charged in front of his company, with his back to the enemy, with sword and hat in hand, urging his men to follow him. Lieut. Duncan, who was in command of his company, gallantly led them on, but seeing that he could fight as he chose, threw away his sword, seized a Yankee musket and commenced firing. After firing once and killing a Yankee, he received a severe wound in his leg, shattering one of the small bones, but still he pressed onward, when, from the loss of blood and exhaustion, he was borne from the field. We regret to chronicle the deaths of Lieutenants David and Kilpatrick, who fought with gallantry, and in the regiments were the most pious and devoted Christians. None knew them but to love and respect them. Many of the gallant sixteenth fell and in their fall left their families and the church and the community of noble spirits, and their country brave defenders. Col. Bunlop commanding the 45th Georgia Regiment, who is a Carolinian and was born and raised near Chesterville, deserves marked distinction. Suddenly raised to the command of his regiment, it was not long before he revived, to its full development, that *esprit de corps* which had some what waned when the noble Colquitt fell. This spendid regiment, with nine at its head marched in magnificent order upon the enemy, causing havoc and death at every step they made. The gallant Colonel received a painful wound in the commencement of the engagement, but refused to leave the field until he was unable to walk. The gallant 24th S. C. V. sustained her reputation and was commanded by Lieut. Col. Jones. Said one of his officers to me, where all acted so well, their part it would be difficult to particularize. This remark is applicable to the whole brigade. Never did men fight better and behave more gallantly, as to extort the highest compliments from the veterans of Hardee.

In this fight the enemy were completely whipped, and if it had not have been for certain mistakes, the results of this battle would have been without parallel. As it is we captured 1,600 prisoners, 16 pieces of artillery, a large number of wagons, with small arms and other munitions of war. Gen. Walker, the brave old hero of Georgia, was killed in front of his division. There were none braver than him, and his patriotism was of the purest and highest order. Though our loss was severe, still the action of Friday told upon the enemy, inasmuch as his plans were frustrated and the morale of his army severely affected. It taught them that in strategy Hood was a Stonewall Jackson, and that the Confederate cause was not so weak as to be unable to drive back their vandal hordes, and strike terror in their hearts. It had the effect of reconciling our men in the charge of commanders, and of emboweling them with a spirit that knows no check. The morale of the army is as good as it ever was, if not better; and to-day their cheers are for Hood, the defence of Atlanta and the freedom of Georgia.

We have just learned the sad intelligence of the death of Gen. Stevens. His brigade and the army, hopeful, from the encouraging news that they received but two days ago that he was better, were little prepared for the mournful tidings of his death. In the loss of Gen. Stevens the army has received the severest blow of the campaign. Since the death of Gen. Walker, his division has been broken up and his brigades assigned to other divisions. Gist has been assigned to Cheatham's, Mercer to Cleborne and Stevens to Bate's division. Important changes have been made in several commands in the last few days. Lieut. Gen. Stephen D. Lee will command Hood's corps; Gen Patton Anderson has been assigned to Hindman's division, and Brig. Gen. Mercer ordered to Savannah. A part of Stewart's corps crossed the river last evening, and the army is moving towards the left.

PERRYMAN.

THE MODERN WIDOW'S LAMENT.

Flow on my tears—my tears flow on;
My husband low is slain,
Oh let me weep to ease my heart,
That I may—mate again.

Affection's cord, though now in twain,
For him who loved me dear,
If I can weep my sorrows off,
I'll very soon repair.

Oh, bid me not control my grief,
Nor keep my feelings in;
Nor tell me now, to calm my woe,
For I have got—his "tin."

That face of his I cherished dear,
Is mine no more, you know;
So let me drain my bitter cup,
And get—another beau.

The night winds moan around his grave
And sing a requiem sad:
And, while he's held in peaceful sleep,
I'll catch another—lad.

Then let my tears flow on in peace,
And as they gently flow,
I'll bear to some new manly breast—
The burthen of my woe.

Oh, for the joys of vanished youth,
Which I with him did share!
Would that I had them back again
To give some—other dear.

The birds are stealing fast to rest,
The kittens seek the rug;
Oh, let me weep, for through my tears
I'll see some one to hug.

All dark, all dark, the past appears,
Since him I loved is dead;
Oh, would my tears might quickly bring
Some soothing spark—to wed!

My breast is full; then why not weep
To calm this saddened heart?
For him, dear soul, I can but weep,
And find—his counterpart.

Then tell me not to check my grief;
Alas! I never can,
Until within his lowly couch
I place my—other man!

A TOUGH TOAST.—Any one who has been in St. Augustine, Florida, any length of time, must have seen or heard of old C——, who has, until recently kept a store in that city, who had the misfortune to be deaf. He had a stock of good liquor in the cellar, and the officers at the post cultivated C——'s acquaintance, and appeared very friendly, although some of them disliked him, and thought he was a little too "stingy", but they were always ready to drink when he asked them to "take something." On one occasion he invited a few of them into his back room; the old "rye" was turned out and the glasses raised, when one officer who wished to amuse his companions a little at C——'s expense, gave following toast in rather a low tone of voice:

"Mr. C——, here is hoping that you will go to h—l.

Old C—— did not hear what was said, but seeing the officers lips move supposed that he had paid him the usual compliment of drinking his health, and promptly responded:

"The same to you, sir, and all of your family."

The laugh was turned on the officer, who was punished for his impoliteness.

MEERSCHAUM.—This article, which is so much esteemed by the tobacco smoker, is hydrated silicate of magnesia; but as the compound is not crystalline, its constituents are variable, and silicates of iron and of alumina occur with it; these affect the color of the meerschaum, which, when pure, is quite white. The presence of silicate of iron imparts a tint varying from pale yellow to deep brown. Good meerschaum is soft enough to be indented by the thumb nail; it yields readily to the knife, especially after having been wetted. The fracture is usually earthy, seldom coreboidal.

The state of aggregation is so variable as to give rise to various densities; some kinds sink in water, others float on the surface, those of medium density are preferred by the pipe maker, for the light varieties porous, and even cavernous, and the heavy kind are often made up artificially.

Most of the meerschaum is from Asia Minor. It is dug chiefly in the peninsulas of Natoli, near the town of Cohia; but is also found in Spain, Greece and Moravia. It is reported in the shape of irregular blocks, with obtuse angles and edges. Much care is required in removing the irregularities and faulty portions, and even then it may contain various defects, such as different minerals diffused through it, and also a hard variety of meerschaum, called by the manufacturer "caulks," which occasions much difficulty in the carving.

In some cases the meerschaum is roughly fashioned into bowls on the spot where the material is dug, and they are more elegantly carved in Europe. Pesth and Vienna were formerly celebrated for this manufacture. In forming a bowl the meerschaum is prepared for the operation by soaking in a composition of wax, oil and lime. The wax and oil absorbed by the meerschaum are the cause of the color produced by smoking; the heat of the burning tobacco causes the wax and fatty substances to pass through the stages of a dry distillation, and becoming associated with the products of the distillation of the tobacco, are diffused through the substance of the bowl, and produce those gradations of tint which are so much prized.

In some cases the bowls are artificially stained by dipping them, before being soaked in wax, in a solution of sulphate of iron, either alone or mixed with dragon's blood. The parings which are produced in roughing out the bowls, are formed into what are called massa-knife, or massa bowls; the parings are triturated to a fine powder, boiled in water, and moulded into blocks with or without the addition of clay; each block is then cut into a bowl, but as it contracts considerably, it must be left some time to dry.

There was a fine display of meerschaums in the Austrian department of the great exhibition. Composition pipe bowls and cigar tubes were also exhibited. Referring to these the jury report states that "these bowls are distinguished from real meerschaum by their great specific gravity, but there is no very certain test by which the real meerschaum can be distinguished from the composition, and many suppose that all heavier descriptions are spurious, though there is no absolute proof of this being the case.

A negative test may, however, be mentioned; the composition bowls never exhibit those little blemishes which result from the presence of foreign bodies in the natural meerschaum; therefore, if a blemish occur in the meerschaum bowl, which is very frequently the case, the genuineness of the bowl is rendered most probable; but as blemishes do not show until after the bowl has been used for some time, the test is not of much value.

Tomlinson's Cyclopedia of Useful Arts.

OUR INDIAN ALLIES.—The Houston Telegraph contains the proceedings of a meeting of the officers of the Cherokee command, Gen. Stand Wattie presiding, on the 27th of June. A resolution to re-enlist for the war was prepared, and being read to the troops at dress parade in the evening, was unanimously adopted.

The same paper contains a report of the proceedings of the 1st Choctaw regiment, June 22d. A preamble and resolutions were presented tendering their services to the Confederate Government for two years more, provided they would be received for that term, but this they promptly and unanimously struck out, and inserted "for the war, let that be long or short." They also adopted the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the soldiers of the 1st Choctaw Regiment remind of the Principal Chief and all other officials, such co-operation as will force all able bodied free citizens of the Choctaw Nation, between the ages of 18 and 45 years, and fitted for military service, to at once join the army, and in the comfort defence of the Choctaw nation, and give such other co-operation to the C. S. Government as will effectually relieve our country from Federal rule and ruin.

Resolved, That the troops of this regiment will support no man for the National Council at the coming election in August who is not in favor of passing a law to force men between the ages of 18 and 45 years in the Confederate service, to do their share of duty as soldiers,

FROM EUROPE.

MR. SLIDELL'S VISIT TO THE EMPEROR.

(Correspondence of the London Herald.)

Paris July 28—The Federal organs in this city have been thrown into a state of panic by the intelligence of Mr. Slidell having gone to Vichy, and by way of relieving their feelings indulge in the sort of ribald vituperation of the South with which Parson Brownlow and other negrophiles have already disgraced themselves and disgusted all that do not belong to that most offensive of cliques. It is impossible, however, to avoid wondering whether the supporters of Mr. Lincoln are infatuated to that degree, that they honestly suppose that the recognition of the South by European powers can be long deferred, or whether they suppose that they can cheat their readers into believing that in the event of the continuance of the war the patience of European Powers, and especially of France, will, merely for the sake of furthering Mr. Lincoln's electioneering prospects, induce them to defer taking a step which would contribute to a termination of a struggle which is not only a disgrace to humanity, but which—and that is more to the point—vitally affects certain French interests. I am not in a position to state whether active negotiations are pending between the representative of the South and not the Emperor of the French; but I should not be surprised, had Mr. Slidell deemed it his duty to represent to His Majesty that the progress of the war affords one more proof that the Souther States have achieved *de facto* their independence, and that their recognition would be merely the acknowledgement of a *fait accompli*.

AN IRISH SONG.

AIR—KATHLEEN O'MORE.

He is gone to the wars, and has left me alone,
The poor, Irish soldier, unfriended, unknown,
My husband, my Patrick,
The bird of my bosom—though now he is flown!

How I mourned for the boy! yet I murmured the more,
'Cause we once were so happy in dalish' Lismore,
Poor Ellen and Patrick!
Perhaps he now thinks of Ellen no more!

A cabin we had, and the cow was hard by,
And a slip of a garden that gladden'd the eye;
And there was our Patrick
Never idle while night ever lived in the sky.

We married—too young, and 'tis likely too poor,
Yet no two were so happy in happy Lismore,
As Ellen and Patrick;
Till they tempted and took him away from our door.

He said he would bring me, ere Autumn should fall
A locket or lock that should come at my call;
Alas! the poor Patrick!
He has left me a bird that is sweeter than all.

'Twas born in a hovel, 'twas nourished in pain,
But it came in my grief, like a light on the brain,
(The curld of poor Patrick)
And taught me to live for bright fortune again.

And now—we two wander from door unto door,
And, love unto love we steal back to happy Lismore,
And ask for poor Patrick
And dream of the days when all wars will be o'er.

THE CROPS.—Spending a few days with a friend in the country, last week, we had an opportunity of seeing the growing corn in one of the best farming sections in the county, and were much gratified at the flattering prospect for a good yield. The late rains have brought out the upland corn and the color is good and the ears large and maturing. We are glad to notice too that our exchanges in different parts of the State speak of the crop as very good. We suppose the aggregate yield in the State will be quite large—quite enough, we are confident, to sustain our soldiers in the field and feed our people at home.

Raleigh Progress.

A correspondent of the *Confederate* says the following officers are at Point Lookout and are well:

Lieut. Joseph N. Speace, 8th N. C. Troops.
" L. M. Simmons, " " "
" —— Baker, " " "
" Thos. Shannon, " " "
" C. D. Roundtree, " " "
" E. A. Moye, " " "
" A. H. Nansfield, " " "

CRUEL TROTTING MATCH IN ENGLAND.—A trotting match came off in the neighborhood of Leeds, England, recently, between a noted horse called Jack Rossiter, now aged nineteen years, and a mare called Matchless, purchased for the sole purpose of defeating the invincible Jack. The match was for £50 a side, and the distance to be run was fifty miles for the horse, and forty-nine miles and one thousand two hundred and sixty yards for the mare. At the end of the forty-fifth mile the mare fell down dead. Jack Rossiter did his fifty miles in three hours and thirty minutes, twenty-seven miles of the journey having been completed in one hour and forty minutes. The winner was in a most deplorable state at the finish.

STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.—We regret to learn that Elliott, the telegraphic operator at Reams, on the Petersburg and Weldon railroad, was struck by lightning during the severe storm of Monday afternoon and quite severely injured. He was engaged at the instrument at the time, and was stunned almost to insensibility by the shock of electric fluid. His condition was immediately attended to, and after the application of active remedies, he was relieved and is now much improved.

The building in which he was operating was not much hurt, but the instrument and other apparatus of the office were considerably disarranged.

Petersburg Express.

YANKEE PRISONERS.—About one dozen Yankees, captured by our forces on the north side of James river, were consigned to the Libby prison yesterday. Among the number was a negro fellow named A. Wiswall, who holds a commission as second lieutenant of company G, Ninth United States (colored) troops. He was quartered with the whites.—*Richmond Dispatch.*

THE RAIDERS—AN EPIC.

Brownl

THE WILMINGTON JOURNAL.

CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA.

WILMINGTON, N. C., SATURDAY, AUG. 20, 1864.

In the matter of taxes, and indeed of all other burthens, the great thing requisite is that their pressure should bear equally. Our people endure the inevitable evils and privations of the war with a spirit that, when we look at it, is perfectly surprising. We doubt if any other people ever made the same sacrifices with equal cheerfulness. We do not now speak of mere isolated instances, such as a beleaguered town, like Leyden, Londonderry, or Sarragossa, but of a whole people—a besieged nation, for *we are* besieged, cut off, as far as the power of the enemy *can* cut us off, from intercourse with the whole world. We are by, and to, and for ourselves. "The rest of mankind" trade with us, *for their* benefit, and we trade with them for *our* benefit. Such, in fact is blockade running.

But the great thing now is the currency. We will not take as correct the idea that specie, which is a scarce commodity, is the true standard by which our currency is to be measured. We take the average price of things before the war.

Before the war we could buy eight pounds of ham for one dollar, forty-eight pounds for six dollars, which was the price of our daily paper. Now we pay five dollars per pound for ham, which is forty times the price before the war. For our daily paper we now charge at the rate of $30 per annum. For thirty dollars, our present price, we can get six pounds of ham;—for six dollars, our price before the war, we could have got forty-eight pounds. The thing does not bear equally.

Again, in the matter of salaries and house rents, the thing does not press equally. A. B. may be a salaried officer of a bank, or any other corporation, and he may be in receipt of what had been a liberal salary, and that salary may have been increased over and over again. But it is evident that for everything which he or his family eats, drinks or wears, he must pay twenty times as much as he formerly did. Yet if he demanded twenty times the salary he got during peace times, even the most liberal set of stockholders and the most sensible board of directors would hold up their hands in holy horror.

Or further, C. D. may be a widow, or a man with a large family, and his or her income may be derived from the rents of real estate. He or she has to pay from thirty to forty times as much as in peace times for everything to eat, to drink or to wear, but if he or she presumes to ask anything like twenty times as much in currency as the same property formerly brought in specie funds, the cry of extortion is raised. It does look hard. It does press hard upon some, but what is the difference between house rents and other branches of house-keeping?

The fact is, we are all going upon an inflated scale, and the whole thing needs bringing down. We want some unit of value—some standard to which we can refer, so that the suffering from the depreciation of the currency may bear equally upon all, or as nearly so as may be. It does not do so now. We do not go for nor approve of demanding specie, but we do go for an approximation to relative rates, as existing before the war.

The Raleigh Conservative.

We can assure the above paper that we fully agree with it in disapproving the course of some papers in assailing as unsound every man who may have happened to have been born North of Mason and Dixon's line. Such has never been our course, and is not now.

We would also state that we have, ourselves, voluntarily corrected the error into which we had fallen with regard to Mr. Warren's election. Opinions may differ, but facts ought always to be stated. We may add that we have known Mr. Warren personally for years, that our occasional intercourse has always been pleasant and friendly, and we are aware of no reason why it should not be so in the future, since we mutually waive the question of politics.

We would advise housekeepers to be careful about their front doors, and never leave them open or even unlocked unless when some one is immediately at hand, as we have reason to believe that there are gangs of thieving negroes going around entering front doors and stealing coats and hats from stands in entries. Last week some one stole a hat from the stand in the entry of Mrs. C. A. Penton's house—even the hat editorial—and on Thursday night while we were out and all the other occupants of the house happened to be in the back dining room, a negro entered the passage, on stealing thoughts intent. He did not get much, but he and another had already been depredating. Luckily he was seen from the opposite side of the street by Mr. Price, by whom and by some other gentlemen he was pursued and captured. We say luckily, not because of anything of ours he had stolen, but on account of other things, and because we trust that this may lead to breaking up some of the gangs of thieves that have been going around lately.

The young colored gentleman is in durance vile, awaiting further examination.

We are indebted to the courtesy of Head Quarters for some Northern papers captured from the enemy's pickets. The latest of these papers is the New York Herald of the 13th instant.

We find little in it of special interest. The main topics appear to have been the passage of the outer forts at Mobile, and the ravages of the Tallahassee off New York. The Yankees give several accounts of her, among others that she is not very fast. This may be so, but she was within the present year the swiftest propeller that ever left English waters.

Her crew are said to be mostly from Lee's army and to be dressed in rags and tatters. Now all that is nonsense. The crew are all regularly in the Confederate Navy, and are well dressed. The Herald says that her crew consists of one hundred and twenty men, officers included. This may be so. We do not know.

Specie was quoted at 256. Cotton brought 158 to 171 cents per pound.

The Yankees appear to be inclined to return to their muttons—to take up with some of their deposed and cast off idols. Newspapers like the New York *Herald* urge his being called to some important command, and it is even said that the propriety of doing so has been discussed in Cabinet council. It will not be done just now, but it most probably will be done eventually.

So many leaders have been killed, so many reputations have been sacrificed, that the stock of even tolerable military talent is running low, and Mr. Lincoln must perforce take up with that which he once threw aside, and has since kept excluded from party motives.

Major General Wade Hampton has been appointed Commander-in Chief of all the cavalry connected with the army of Northern Virginia. This is regarded as a most excellent selection.

We have from Messrs. Evans & Cogswell, Columbia, S. C., "General Orders from the Adjutant and Inspector General's Office, Confederate States Army from January 1st to June 30th, 1864, inclusive.

This is a continuation of a former publication, extended from the close of last year. It will be found useful and interesting to military men.

The present active campaign in the field, concentrated as it mainly is upon the lines of Grant and Sherman has already continued longer, and with more terrible destruction of human life, than any previous campaign of this war, or, probably of any other war of modern times. In the present temper of the opposing parties we cannot set any limit to its duration, since it is nearly certain, from the indications before us, that when the Lincolnite hordes abandon the offensive, that role will be vigorously assumed by the Confederates. At every turn Grant has found himself checked, defeated and used up, and *his* campaign against Richmond having resulted in failure, is pretty much at an end. It is now Lee's turn, and he, we may be assured, will avail himself of all the advantages which the situation may present.

As yet the enemy in Georgia are on the offensive and are able, in some measure to dictate movements rather than have them dictated by our commanders—We think the time is not distant when our army of Tennessee, under General Hood, will be in a position to assume the offensive, and the enemy, instead of threatening us, will find himself threatened by us, and be compelled to adopt measures for his own safety—measures which, we trust, will be less successful than such measures have proved to be in former campaigns.

Through Northern channels we have heard that Kirby Smith, with a portion of the trans-Mississippi army, is crossing, or has crossed, over to this side.—Would it surprise any one if something of what we have so often heard should turn out to be so? Suppose we should suddenly discover that some thousands of the conquerors of Banks were ready to co-operate with Hood in driving back Sherman, and relieving Georgia, Tennessee and Mississippi, the thing need not excite any wonder; at any rate we regard the matter as extremely probable. We shall soon see, and we may also see the campaign in the Southwest, instead of ending where it began, close with the Yankees driven much beyond the point from which they started, and a large portion of Confederate territory redeemed—relieved from Federal possession, and assuming and holding its place under the Confederate banner.

To all this we look forward with strong hope, but not with anything approaching absolute certainty, for we are fully aware of the vicissitudes of war, and are prepared to meet even further disaster without undue depression, and without any abatement of hope and confidence in the ultimate success of our cause.

So far as the seasons are concerned, the campaign in the field may be continued for over two months, but we think that, before that time has elapsed, the mutual exhaustion of the combattants will virtually enforce an armistice—a pause in the efforts of the grand armies.—The call made by Lincoln for five hundred thousand additional men by the fifth of September, will not be filled by voluntary enlistment at that time, nor can the process of drafting bring that number or any considerable portion of it together in time for the campaigns of 1864. Should Mr. Lincoln be defeated for President in November, his zeal in organizing and preparing the force to act under his successor, in the ensuing Spring, will suffer a very decided diminution. On the contrary, should he be re-elected, he will, no doubt push it forward with all the energy in his power.

As the violence of the main campaigns abates, may we not, during the Fall and Winter of the present year, and the Spring of the next, look for demonstrations upon our coasts by troops no longer needed, or which can no longer be usefully employed in the field. We have, so far, enjoyed a remarkable immunity from attack, but upon the continuance of this immunity we have no right to calculate, especially as the blockade running at this port, and the immense advantages derived therefrom by the Confederacy, have become the theme of frequent comment by the press of the North, and the attention of the Lincoln authorities has been frequently and forcibly called to the fact.

We do not wish to act the part of alarmists, but we may as well look the state of things in the face, and so be prepared to meet it, should it come. It is with this view that we state our opinion as to the probability of an attack even here. It is true that as yet we have not been attacked, and this for reasons with which we are not acquainted. But this affords no guarantee of what may or may not take place hereafter. We rather think the pressure at the North will almost compel the enemy to make a demonstration at least, with the view of breaking up this "nest of blockade runners;"—we use the words of our enemies. We judge this from finding so many and such pointed references to this place, and the necessity of taking it, in all the Northern papers that have recently fallen into our hands.

Items.

Meyerbeer, the celebrated composer, recently deceased, is said to have had more decorations of orders of nobility than any man living, not of royal blood.—Meyerbeer was evidently popular in Germany, but in popularity he was not a circumstance to lager-beer.

The new Mexican Emperor signs himself Maximiliano.

Wheeling, Va, is one of the oddest of all places. The *Intelligencer* of that city gives the following sketch, vouching for its accuracy:—

"We saw yesterday, going up toward the upper ferry, a team of four animals—a horse, a pony, a mule and a bull. The horse had the heaves, the pony was blind, the mule was lame, and the bull had no provision for fly time. In the wagon, which was an ordinary one, sat a white man, a crippled negro and a tame skunk. The skunk was firmly bound with a wisp of straw. The white man held the lines, the team held its own, and the nigger held the skunk."

A very intemperate man in London named Papworth, recently went to bed tipsy, and in the night called for water. His daughter brought him lemonade in a bottle, and left him. He was found next day dead, with the bottle, which he must have tried to swallow, sticking out of his mouth.

An English Married Lady has consulted her lawyer on the question whether, having married her husband for his money, and that money being all spent, she is not a widow, and at liberty to marry again. Decision reserved.

Getting used to It.

We have our doubts of the truth of the commonly received notion that people can get used to anything. Take the hot weather, for instance, say a long heated term like the present. It is worse and worse the longer it continues. The system becomes more and more relaxed, and less and less capable of sustaining itself under the pressure of the climate. This, at least, is our experience, and we suppose the experience of others.—You go to bed tired, and you get up weary and unrefreshed.

There is no use in growling, for that will do no good, and there is no use in telling people to keep cool, for that they can't do. Perhaps they can *grin* and bear it; bear it they *must*, whether they like it or not.

Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness, some boundless contiguity of shade and iced fixings. Anything for a change. But there is *no* change to be got. The thermometer to day (Thursday) will not probably go above 90, which will be cool and refreshing.

We had the pleasure Thursday of meeting our friend Lieut. Col. Devane, of the 18th Regiment N. C. T., who was very severely wounded during one of the earlier battles around Petersburg.

We are glad to say that the gallant Col. is getting well over his wounds and looks perhaps better than he did when we saw him before he went on to Virginia.

We learn that we were mistaken in stating, as we did some days since, that Mr. Warren had been defeated for the Senate from Beaufort county, N. C. It would appear, on the contrary, that Mr. Warren has been re-elected. We have seen no official statement of the result in Beaufort, but take it for granted that our latest information is the more correct, and give it as we get it.

We are pained to learn that Lieut. Camden Lewis, of company B, 18th regiment N. C. T., was killed in the fight below Richmond on the 16th instant. Lieut. Lewis was a native of Bladen county, and in command of one of the companies from that county. He was a brave and clever young gentleman.

We understand that his remains will be sent home for interment.

Reduction of Prices.

To the Editors of the Journal, Wilmington:

Gentlemen: I have read in your paper to-day, the admirable letter of the new Secretary of the Treasury, and hope the Commissioners of Prices of this State may re-assemble and reduce their lately revised schedule of prices—they are too high.

I was pleased to see the Goldsboro' Journal discussed the subject very fully a few days ago, and I hope you and other papers of the State will join in *demanding* a reduction of prices.

The misfortune seems to be the commission is too small and is composed of farmers who have themselves produce to sell. Why not have say five members, or at least three, one farmer, one mechanic and one merchant or financier.

You can readily see that all farm productions are much higher than mechanical productions. I don't suppose this was intentional. I am willing to believe it was through ignorance; but that does not relieve the act from injustice in its effects.

I will close this note by asking a discussion of the prices. Say $60 a barrel for flour in North Carolina, and $20 a barrel for it in Virginia, $7 50 a bushel for wheat in Virginia and $15 a bushel in North Carolina. Why this difference?

The honorable Secretary of the Treasury says, "I do not think the planters and farmers should *alone* be called upon to decline in favor of lower prices. Manufacturers, railroad companies and every great interest of the country should contribute to this reform."

I beg to say one word on this including of railroad companies in high prices as paid by government. It does not seem to be known to the High cabinet officers of the government, that the railroad companies pledged the government at Montgomery to work for half rates. And again at Columbia, in April last, simply doubled those half rates, making the relative charges, as compared with private freight and passage, as *three-and-a-half to four times less* than for private parties. While farmers and planters set from three ($3 to $5) to five dollars a pound for meat, and like fabulous prices for every thing else, Railroad companies get less than one-third private rates.

Politicians may find it profitable to praise the farmers for their "patriotism," but neighbor where is the "extortioner," after the producer of crops is removed?

NOT A DEMAGOGUE.

Aug. 19th, 1864.

The Draft in the North.—We find the subjoined article in the New York Metropolitan Record, of the 21 ultimo:

ANOTHER CONSCRIPTION!

MORE FOOD FOR POWDER!

ONLY FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND MORE!!!

We have just time to announce the promulgation of another Presidential call. It is a requisition for FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND MORE MEN—THAT'S ALL.

The draft is to take place on the 5th of September, if the number should not be filled up before that time by volunteering.

It is a cool affair,—very refreshing—and it will be curious to see how the people will regard it.

Now, we are of the opinion that this draft is going to interfere with the election—indeed, it is possible we may have no election at all. If Lincoln gets these five hundred thousand men he wants into the army, it is all nonsense to talk about a Presidential campaign.

The only weapon with which to fight this infamous despotism is State sovereignty, and if we mean to preserve our freedom, we shall have to use it. As for the Union, that is GONE, and our enemies know it. They merely use the word to deceive the North, the easier to get it into their clutches. Will the people learn wisdom now, ere it be too late?

A Significant Event.—Two important elevations to the dignity of cardinal are about to be made at Rome. The first is Monsignor de Metrode, the Secretary of War, who is to go out to Mexico as cardinal nuncio; the second is Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte, now chamberlain to the Pope. The first of these appointments will extinguish one of the most unpleasant features of the French occupation of Rome. Monsignor de Metrode's fiery nature is by no means fitted for his present position, which requires the utmost care and tact to avoid collision between the French and Papal military authorities. The second is just now very significant; the elevation of a Bonaparte to a position in which he may be a candidate for the Papal chair, may possibly lead to an unexpected solution of the whole difficulty.—*London Index.*

A firm in Selma, Ala., recently made to order, for a citizen of that place, a small steam boiler, etc., without special contract as to price. The gross weight of all the metal furnished was less than 1,500 lbs. The amount of their bill was $21,000! Payment of the bill was refused on the ground that it was exorbitant. The matter was referred to arbitrators, who, after full investigation, decided that the amount which could be justly claimed by the boiler makers, was $13,132, or $8,000 less than the bill!

Maj Charles M. Roberts, the dauntless and untiring, has just returned from another scout into the coves and mountains of East Tennessee. In obedience to instructions from Col. Palmer, with an ample force he penetrated far into the region of forges, encountering several parties, killing eight or ten, capturing about the same number, recovering a considerable amount of stolen property, and bringing off about 20 horses and as many beef cattle, captured from the enemy. The prisoners reached this place on Monday last, and among them are some notorious bushwhackers well known to many officers and soldiers here. Among the parties encountered was one under a Lt. Dove, recruiting officer for Col. Kirk's command. In the fight Dove was killed, and on his person papers of importance were found.

With Maj. Roberts in this expedition were Capts. Parker, Fortune, and perhaps other officers, well known as good men to have a row when bullets and steel are to be the playthings.—*Asheville N. C. News, 11th inst.*

Rallying for the Defense of Mobile.—As we expected and predicted, the people of the State are rallying for the defense of Mobile with wonderful promptitude and spirit. We learn from the Montgomery Advertiser that in all South and Middle Alabama, such a rally was hardly ever known. The announcement that the enemy's fleet had passed the forts was sufficient, and without awaiting the call of the Governor, the masses began to organize and start to meet the enemy. We hear of hundreds and thousands that have laid aside their ordinary business, and donned the military for the emergency. At this time several thousand have doubtless reached Mobile, while as many more are on the way. The Yankees will be astonished to find the large army confronting them in defense of that city, when they get nearer or attempt a land attack. The citizen soldiery in Virginia and Georgia, and we doubt not those of Alabama will acquit themselves equally well.

Savannah News.

Spring Creek.—This is a settlement in Madison county, lying along the Tennessee line. It numbered previous to the war about 65 or 70 voters. At the commencement of the struggle this little precinct sent 107 men into the field, brave hardy, active mountaineers. There are now over 100 orphans, made so by the war, and 22 widows, in this little settlement. Yet there is not a disloyal man or woman among them.—The fires of patriotism burn as brightly as at the quiset, and no complaining or murmuring is heard among them. The cause is first, last, and always uppermost in their hearts.

The women (God bless them) are toiling upon the mountain side to support their little ones, cheerfully enduring all manner of hardships that their husbands, fathers and brothers may help fight the battles of freedom. Compared with dainty lady of fashion, who curls her pretty nose at honest labor, and affects to feel herself made of better dirt than common folks, how gloriously these patriot women, sun-browned and toilworn, shine! Such women, wherever found, are the *real heroines* of this revolution.

We may add, that at the late election, Spring Creek gave Gov. Vance 28 votes, and Holden *none?* All honor to Spring Creek.—*Asheville News.*

The Party Responsible For Raids.—When we are prompted to denounce the Confederate raiders as "fiends," etc, for making their raids into our territory, it may be well to reflect who set them the example. Editors and their camp correspondents who have glorified the wanton destruction of the farms, granaries, mills and railroads of the rebels, now speak (see Tribune of Monday) of similar retaliatory actions by the enemy as "fiendish." On this point the Springfield Republican pertinently remarks: "The indignation expended upon the rebels in some of the telegrams, wherein they are berated as 'displaying their fiendish passions upon the railroads and in stealing horses and other property, is rather amusing, considering the amount of glory we lavish on our raiders for doing the same things. But there will be genuine indignation, at the proper time, visited upon those whose neglect has made this destructive and alarming raid possible.'"

Hartford (Conn.) Times.

From the London Times, July 20.

The Resignation of Mr. Chase.

If Themistocles was a proficient in the art of making a small city into a large one, Mr. Chase is, at least equally entitled to claim the credit of making a great State into a little one. Yet let us not be unjust, even to this mighty master in the art of ruin. Candor must admit that the problem set before him admitted of but one solution—a solution more or less complete, according to the genius of the philosopher to whom it was submitted. That problem may fairly be said to be—Given a nation determined on war, thirsting for revenge, insatiable of empire, steadily resolved to conquer, but equally resolved to conquer without any immediate personal or pecuniary sacrifice, to extract from it men, material and money. As regards men, the resources of voluntary enlistment were very soon exhausted, conscription did not yield what was required, and the only resource left was to bribe into the ranks those who could neither be forced nor persuaded. Thus enlistment very early became a question of pay and bounty, and the supply of men speedily resolved itself into the deeper and more difficult problem of the supply of money.

* * * * *

The maxim which lies at the bottom of the system is to banish from your mind all idea of paying the principal, and in order to make the required sum, which is never to be paid, as large as possible, to be particularly careful with regard to the payment of the interest. Interest, according to the school of which Mr. Chase may be considered the founder, is not a sum paid for the forbearance of money—it is rather a bait by means of which fresh money may be obtained. As long, therefore, as more money can be got, the interest must be paid with utmost punctuality; the sum borrowed may have sunk by the depreciation of the currency to two-thirds of its metallic value, but the interest must be paid in gold, although by that means the charge is much more than double. Having thus done everything in his power to drive gold out of the country, Mr. Chase's system required him to do everything in his power to keep it back, and hence a number of operations which consisted in selling at a loss whether gold showed an inconvenient tendency to rise, and expelling it from the country by prohibiting those who dealt in it from selling it like any other commodity in open markets, with the intention, when no more money was to be borrowed, of repudiating first the interest and after a decent interval of suspense, the principal. If any one doubts the truth of this picture, let him ask himself by what means he supposes that the present currency of America is to be restored to the standard before the war, or how he can suppose that any one in his senses who ever meant to pay would be borrowing money at a rate of interest more than double of that which it nominally bears.

Let us, however, be just to Mr. Chase. He had not many weapons in his armory; he had promises which he could not break; he had currency which he could debase, and he had some gold, which if not wasted in the expenditure of Government, might do good service in alluring fresh subscribers to his ever open loans. He has used them all to the utmost. As usual money he would also have used if he could have got it. But it would be unjust to deny that he has done all that could be done with two great substituted powers, bundles of cause of credit and the investing worthless paper with the privilege of legal tender. He has not saved his country but he has given her, in exchange for inevitable ruin, a very fair opportunity of dragging down the rebellious South into the same destruction with herself. The worst thing he has done is to watch the gradual inflation of the bubble, and to leave the agreeable task of assisting at its bursting to Mr. William Pitt Fessenden, a gentleman said to be a firm believer in Mr. Chase's system. Such fatility at such a moment, merits that crown of martyrdom which it is assuredly destined to. Nothing in Mr. Chase's administration has been so wise as his leaving it, and it will be very difficult for Mr. Fessenden to do anything more foolish while he is in office than he has already done by accepting it.

From the Augusta Constitutionalist.

Peace.

We would call the attention of our readers to an article appended from the New York Times of a late date, on the subject of peace, and how so desirable an end is to be obtained.

Two ways, says the Times, is peace attainable. One by separate State action, the other by conquest. The Holden faction in North Carolina, and the philosophy embodied in the peace resolutions of the legislature of Georgia, have really induced the people of the North to believe that we have a large body of people in the south, who are ready to "bend the supple hinges of the knee," to peace on any terms. But the Times and the Lincoln Administration have doubtless learned before this that the good people of North Carolina have passed judgment on the traitorous politicians who would have urged upon the State separate action in the matter of peace with the Yankees.

Martin Van Buren, the best political diplomatist this country has ever produced, said "the sober, second thought of the people was always right;" and nothing has better illustrated this than the disgraceful defeat of Holden and his friends. It is glorious commentary of the people upon the plausible peace doctrines of the politicians, not only in this old North State, but every where in the south.

We trust the Times and the rest, will be thoroughly satisfied, after seeing the issues of the late election, that Gen. Holden will never sell his convention; so that real to peace being closed, the only other one, conquest, will have to be taken.

On this read we now have Gens. Lee and Beauregard and Gen. Hood in the South, and Chicago Convention and the "Second, sober thought" of the peace men in the North; and all things being taken into consideration, we trust this road will be closed some time in November coming. At any rate, it is a very long road, and certainly not near as safe for the Yankees as the one cut out by the Times, as follows:

"How, then, is peace obtainable? In two ways. By separate State action in the South, or by conquest.

"Peace is to be attained by separate State action through the power of the people. We are now having a practical illustration of the process in North Carolina. A Governor is to be elected in that State next month. Two candidates are before the people, Governor Vance, the present incumbent, and W. W. Holden. The former of these is an adherent of the Richmond Government willing to stand by its fortunes to the last. The latter is an enemy to the Government, and is pledged, if elected, to call a convention to sever all connection with it. The last accounts make it seem very probable that he may be elected. There are two tremendous motives operating to produce this result. First, the general failing condition of the "Confederacy," which is coming evident, in spite of all misrepresentations. Second, the fact, staring the people of North Carolina full in the face, that when Lee's forces from Virginia or his wild cats come back into their State, and find once allowed to hold there, will make it the same terrible scene of desolation Virginia now is.

The only way to prevent this is for a sovereign convention of the State to assemble, to declare the State no longer a member of the "Confederacy," to call home its forty or fifty thousand soldiers to protect the State, and to ask the Federal Government to assist in that work. This request would be met with a ready and a liberal spirit. Gov. Holden, if so elected, would have but to utter the first symbols of such a resolution to insure from the Northern people a special army of a hundred thousand volunteers, if there were need, to defend the old North State from "Confederate" invasion. Northern men would lend to her del vernance, as brother leans to the rescue of brother. Such action upon the part of North Carolina would bring out a show of national good will that would make an instantaneous end of every rebel conception and life-scheme, and would put the State back into the Union which hardly an effort—every question of dispute would melt to nothing, every difficulty would vanish. What the people of North Carolina can now do easily, if they but will, the people of any other Southern state can do. They simply have to quit the rebel flag, to be hailed as fellow enemies of the Richmond usurpation, and to be welcomed back as fellow-partners in all our countless national blessings."

Rumors from Sherman's Rear.—While we have nothing official in addition to the reports which we have already published, of the operations of our cavalry along the Western and Atlantic Railroad, we have gathered the following statements, from other parties, which confirm previous reports, and give promise of still more cheering intelligence from that quarter.

On last Friday it is stated that Wheeler's headquarters were across the Chattahoochee, twelve miles from Marietta, near Turner's Ferry (we believe) which point had been reached without interruption—the enemy having been evidently deceived by the adroit movements of the cavalry, and their reported presence elsewhere.—Pushing on with vigor, they reached Marietta that day and burned large quantities of stores, and it is stated that a number of the large buildings about the public square were consumed. Ninety-four prisoners are said to have been all that were captured.

Hurrying on up the road, the camp of Confederate prisoners at Big Shanty is said to have been overhauled, and a large number, variously stated at from 500 to 1,200 of our troops were released, and those who were well, joined the "gay and festive" dragoons, and proceeded to Acworth, where a large quantity of Yankee stores were burned.

Here all definite news of their progress ends. It was stated, and believed in our camps, one party would move directly for the Tunnel, for the purpose of blowing it up, while others would burn bridges, and dismantle the road.

No official confirmation of any cheering reports having reached us, we do not vouch for their credibility, but they come from truthful persons who saw men from Wheeler's command who had returned from across the Chattahoochee, and who have left Atlanta since Sunday morning. It is well known that such a movement was contemplated, and therefore, in the absence of official news we feel justified in publishing the reports which are so current that they come from Macon and Atlanta, and from Covington—all agreeing in substance.

We learn through the same channel that the Yankees have taken away most of the negroes from the citizens of Marietta, and some of the wealthiest ladies in the place are doing their own work, and have even been obliged to cut wood to cook with. An old negro preacher had been installed to instruct the juvenile pickaninnies, and our troops turned out the sable pedagogue, and broke up his establishment.

There is evidently a fire in Sherman's rear. We wait in almost breathless suspense for definite official advices.—*Macon Intelligencer, 18th.*

Siege of Charleston.

FOUR HUNDRED AND SIXTH DAY.

Since the bursting of the gun at Gregg, Monday evening, there has been no firing on the city. The firing at Fort Sumter has also fallen off very materially within the last few days. One hundred and twenty-one shots were fired at the fort during the twenty-four hours ending six o'clock Wednesday evening.

During Tuesday night our batteries on Sullivan's Island opened fire on Gregg and Wagner and the enemy battery, firing some thirty-five shots. Battery Wagner responded, firing thirty-eight shots. Battery Cheves fired five shots at Gregg, and ten shots were from Sullivan's Island batteries at the enemy's picket, Monitors, tugs, &c.

There was no other news of importance.

Col. Lay returned yesterday from Port Royal, bringing with him Surgeon W. M. Wilson, of Villepigue's Florida Battery, and some eight or nine privates, of the 2st S. C. Infantry. The additional Yankee officers taken to Port Royal for exchange, were bought back in consequence of the Yankees not having Confederate prisoners in the department. The exchange of those mentioned took place Tuesday morning.

From the London Times, July 25.

The Rebel Invasion.

The interest of the American intelligence received by the Arabia is derived from every variety of incident that can illustrate the history of war. Military operations, political contests or financial difficulties have severally often given a special importance to the installment of news; but never before has the confusion of the time been so vividly represented as by the brief outline we publish this morning of the events of a simple week. The invasion of Maryland by the Confederates is in itself but a repetition of their former aggressive movement. But the effects of this attack and the spirit in which it is met, give the incursion a new significance. It had "assumed formidable proportions," and filled the three chief cities of the North with alarm, extending even to New York.

Baltimore and Washington are "threatened," and the war is carried into the very suburbs of both.—The danger is evident to the whole people of the North but the reiterated appeal to them for the means of defence does not find the same response as before. The people of Maryland itself cannot be relied on by the Federal Government, and would probably rather assist the invasion than to help to repel it. But the population of New Jersey and Pennsylvania are now described as apathetic and disinclined even to three months service in militia. Massachusetts itself exhibits the same indisposition to support the war for which, at the beginning of the conflict, it was the most zealous State in the Union. The civic authorities of New York protest against the removal of the military from the city, apprehending the revival of a riotous spirit in the inhabitants if the troops are withdrawn. The Governor of Pennsylvania is driven to word his proclamation to the people, not in the terms of confidence and patriotism, but in the harsh language of reproach. He actually accuses them of "stupidity," and that "culpable indifference" which in individuals has been stigmatized as treason. There are indications on the surface of some change that must have been silently working beneath. We cannot hope that the Southern invasion will be a closing incident of the war, but the different, or rather the abated feeling it excites in the North, gives some faint hope that a state of opinion is being created which will not howl down those who speak of peace as public enemies.

During these events the paper price of gold varied in a range of 30 per cent. It rose to nearly 280, and subsided, when the worst period of alarm was over, to 250. It was just at this juncture that Mr. Fessenden, the successor of Mr. Chase, arrived in New York, and applied to the bankers for a new loan. He wished to obtain a temporary advance of $50 000 000 until the 1st of September. The cost of the war is thus impressed on the mind of the North, at the same moment that its dangers are visible on Northern soil, and its difficulty or hopelessness in Virginia. The lessons of experience of all kinds are coming in quick succession. It will task the inventive faculty of the Government press to represent the occurrences of the past week as other than disastrous. We have never heard that Charleston or Richmond had been thrown into such alarm as Baltimore and Washington have felt for several days. The Confederacy is more formidable as an enemy than ever. Its Government can engage Grant and his enormous army, while it stretches its arm over him and deals a blow in the North itself that is felt in every section of society. In the lower classes of the community there appears to be beginning a dim consciousness of the real state of things. The mass of the people have filled the ranks of the army again and again; they have fought bravely, and given their lives freely; but they cannot endure a continued effort that has no result, or brings only calamity, and they now begin to shrink from the useless sacrifice.

Wayne County Court.—This court has been in session during the past two days, with no business of importance:

Yesterday Capt. James C. Borden recently elected Sheriff, arrived from his command in the army of Northern Virginia, and filed the usual bond, was duly qualified and forthwith entered upon he duties of his new office.

Mr. James H. Everitt, the writer of the extraordinary letter "To my dear Holden" and the utterer of so many very shameful things touching the Confederacy and Confederate Government, and the writer of another perhaps more extraordinary letter to his friends in the army, touching said shameful things—he who ran for the House of Commons and was not elected—was before the court yesterday for re-election as county Solicitor and was of course beaten—E. P. Parker, Esq., being elected in his stead. We trust this will serve Mr. Everitt as a salutary lesson for the balance of his life, and teach him the danger of evil associations. The man who pins his character or his fate politically or morally to W. W. Holden is sure to go down. By the way what must Mr. Everitt think of his friend Holden in connection with "that letter." Holden, according to Mr. Everitt's statement on the stump, denied before several friends, ever having received any such letter. Does not Mr. Everitt know Holden did not speak the truth when he said so? In other words, does not Mr. E. know he wrote it and that Holden received it, inasmuch as the paper it ordered was promptly sent? Will Mr. Everitt not now have done with such a man?—*State Journal.*

Gen. Halleck Despondent.

The *Herald's* correspondent at Washington says:

The few who have access to General Halleck make no secret that his views of the present crisis are most desponding. He expresses himself as grateful that the responsibility for the situation is on other and higher shoulders than his own. It seems the moment he heard that the Lynchburg expedition had been beaten back by superior forces sent from Gen. Lee's army, he warned his superiors that an immediate Northern invasion might be looked for. The warning was not credited at the time, nor were any preparations made to resist it until the enemy were in Maryland. It thus happened that if General Early had advanced directly upon Washington, without halting to plunder, the only forces he would have found behind the vast circumvalating works of this city would have been about four thousand one hundred of the invalids or veteran reserves, together with a tremulous armed rabble of about seven or eight thousand scared militia and clerks in the public offices. Of the veteran reserves about two thirds were actually fit for duty; but could these have contended with any hope of success against the 30 thousand rebel veterans who were without the walls, and the scared riffraff aforesaid and the excitable secession population who were within? These matters may now be safely talked of, as Washington is abundantly defended and able to resist, with proper management, all the forces of the rebel Confederacy. It has been so only very lately.

Off for "Hold Hengland."—An exchange says: We learn from the Macon *Telegraph* that Walter Keeble, the actor and manager, has left for Queen Victoria's realm. The cause of Keeble's "taking off" thus abruptly was the proclamation of Gov. Brown, calling on all foreigners to aid in defending their homes. So Mr. Keeble was not willing to give his assistance in our cause and has left the Confederacy for the Confederacy's good. It is but just to the profession that this should be noticed and remembered.

Many of these foreigners have made large fortunes during this war, and have never been called upon to serve the country from which they have reaped a plenteous harvest of wealth. Under their foreign exemption papers they have enjoyed all the rights and immunities of *bona fide* citizens, while they have never been required to assume the responsibilities of such. We think it but right and proper that they shall aid in defending their own homes, and the order for them to leave the State should they be unwilling to do so, is only right and proper. If they will all leave the Confederacy it may be better for the country.—*Charleston Courier.*

A Mutual Mistake.—Two gentlemen were riding in a stage coach, when one of them, misplacing his handkerchief, rashly accused the other of having stolen it; but soon finding it, had the good manners to beg pardon for the affront, saying it was a mistake: to which the other replied, with great readiness and kind feeling, "Don't be uneasy, it was a mutual mistake; you took me for a thief, and I took you for a gentleman."

TELEGRAPHIC

REPORTS OF THE PRESS ASSOCIATION.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by J. S. Thrasher, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Confederate States for the Northern District of Georgia.

NORTHWESTERN NEWS.

Mobile, Aug. 19th, 1864.

A special dispatch to the Advertiser and Register dated Senatobia the 17th, says that the Chicago Times of the 12th and Memphis papers of the 13th have been received.

The editor of the Times congratulates his readers that one week had passed without any serious disaster having happened to the Federal armies.

The rebels are increasing in Kentucky. Over 1,000 persons, mostly women and children, were recently banished from the State by Burbridge.

It is reported that 2,500 Confederates, under Adam Johnson, are in Union and adjoining counties, preparing to attack Mount Vernon. Burbridge says that Kentucky is disloyal, and ready for an outbreak at any moment.

Lincoln's friends are deserting him rapidly. Winter Davis made a public pronunciamento, denouncing Lincoln in strong terms, as usurping the power of Congress, and disregarding the Constitution. Davis is making a call for a Union Convention to assemble at Buffalo, to nominate a candidate for President and Vice President.

Gold in New York on the 11th inst. closed at 256.

Yankee Troubles in Arkansas

A despatch from Cairo, dated the 5th, says the Confederates have captured all the cavalry sent out from Helena, Arkansas, by Gen. Buford, and a large number of negros and all the officers in command of the blacks, and numbers of the negroes.

The negro soldiers at Helena had mutinied and commenced sacking the town and breathing dire vengeance against the few white soldiers stationed in the place.—At last accounts the whites were organising for defence. The rioters had destroyed most of the town, including the elegant residence of Senator Sebastian, which was pillaged and burnt, the Senator and his family escaping to Memphis.

Genuine Impudence.—The last Raleigh Standard contains a long card, signed by W. W. Holden, in which he attempts to describe the emotions of his patriotic heart, under the direful misfortune which has just befallen him. This composition is Holdenish all over, indeed so patently so, that those whom he cheated until he was unmasked, willonly now laugh at him as an unmasked Mountebank, who has played tricks so long with his visor on, that he cannot help trying them after it has been violently torn from his face. Whipped, as a cur was never whipped before, he yet tries to talk in this wise: "I hold the sword in one hand and the olive branch in the other—the sword for the Destructives, and the olive branch for all good and true Conservatives."

Why, gad! ha! mercy! the poor devil has just been beaten into powder. The army and the people, in the tented fields and at their homes, have banned him with an execration never be ore hurled against any candidate for office, and yet he talks of swords for enemies and olive branches for friends! His sword is the stump of a broken lath, and the only "branches" he knows anything about, are the hickories which have been applied to his bare and unfortunate "catastrophe" from Currituck to Cherokee.—*Petersburg Register.*

Major Gen. Buell, who was mustered out of service as a Federal Major General of volunteers, being reduced to his original rank as Colonel in the regular army, resigned.

He has lately written a letter from Bedford Springs, in which he gives the following reason for his resigning. He is another witness of the infamous manner in which this war against the Confederate States has been conducted by Lincoln and his supporters. As the Presidential canvass progresses we shall have more letters of a similar character published in the Yankee press:

"I believe that the policy and means with which the war was being prosecuted were discreditable to the nation and a *stain upon civilization;* and that they would not only fail to restore the Union, if, indeed, they had not already rendered its restoration impossible, but that their tendency was to subvert the institutions upon which the country had realized unexampled prosperity and happiness, and to such a work I could not lend my hand."

"A Compliment" to Mr. Lincoln.—The New York World has the following "compliment" to President Lincoln:

Some of the court journals are trying to disguise a compliment to Mr. Lincoln's courage, by gently reprimanding him for exposing his person to the Rebel sharpshooters while riding at the front with General Butler, during his recent visit to General Grant's army.

The President was perfectly safe. The Rebel sharpshooter who had levelled his piece at him would have been court-martialed